Volume LXXXII No. 3 April 9, 1965 25 Cents

ST. CHARLES SEMINARY LIBRARY
APR 8 1965
CARTHAGENA STATION, CELINA 0510

commonweal

ST. CHARLES SEMINARY LIBRARY
APR 8 1965
CARTHAGENA STATION, CELINA 0510

SELMA

Two reports from the scene

Daniel Berrigan

Max L. Stackhouse

PRIESTS AND INTELLECTUALISM

Stafford Poole

BREAKTHROUGH IN CHILE

Donald D. Ranstead

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Zen-Catholic?

St. Benedict, La.

To the Editors: John Fandel's "Oneliners" [COMMONWEAL, March 12, 1965] were for me a re-discovery of something I knew must exist but had never seen before in this form: the American Haiku!

The "Oneliner" isn't seventeen syllables long, it is a line long (alliteration, too as well as onomatopoeia). It is purely American—the Japanese have no monopoly on intense, vague brushstrokes of words of gem-like quality.

Not Basho's "Eternal Loneliness" but rather Fandel's (or is it Spalding's?) "Eternal" and "Lonely" better describe the Oneliners.

I have only one complaint: the titles or whatever the italicized words above each line were supposed to be. These titles classify and make clear; but rather give us a free-roaming, subjective, intensely personal springboard in the Oneliners to a Zen-Catholic heaven.

STEVE DUPLANTIER

Mixed Marriages

Athens, Ga.

To the Editors: Your editorial "Mixed Marriages" [March 5] brings out many points, and well. The evils inflicted upon the most conscientious non-Catholic partner, loss of measure of his freedom of conscience, loss of right to guide his offspring in selection of religious beliefs he thinks most nearly true, are most keenly felt. The less conscientious non-Catholic partner might ignore, the least conscientious, violate, his pre-marital promises.

One point brought out was that "a new era is upon the Church, an era pre-eminently marked by a fresh sensitivity to the non-Catholic conscience." Superficially, this sensitivity seems a blessing. But let us not oversimplify; such sensitivity is a danger, too. If the marriage laws are to be changed not because of interior commitment, and it alone, but rather because of the prevalence of image consciousness in all aspects of present society, the marriage-law makers included, the time may come sooner or later when we will regret being too much "of our time" in advocating removal of some or all of the present restrictions on mixed marriages.

To be more specific, your editorial mentioned the probable forthcoming relaxation of the rule presently binding the non-Catholic partner to promise to raise the children as Catholics. On face value, the relaxing of such a rule appears to be the only decent and seemly thing to do. On second thought, one begins to question the validity of such a relaxation. How will the real problem of the religious raising of children then be solved? The basic premise is a definite disagreement on religion. In any such two-person legislature there would have to be one-person-one-vote. The consequences would be friction at least, bedlam at most. How can an impasse be avoided? By one partner's yielding to the other? That seems an impossible stand in light of our tradition of primacy of conscience. The alternative appears to be perpetual disagreement between husband and wife—hardly desirable or ecumenical.

Perhaps, then, this forthcoming relaxation is a wolf in sheep's clothing, a form of passing the buck on to the couple for the sake of preserving the image.

This perhaps sounds more negative than intended. Of course, there are and must be answers for the problems of mixed marriages. Let them be thoughtful and charitable and not superficial. Let us urge solutions, of course, but not just any sort of quick image-saving solution that looks goods on paper, or in the papers.

MARY MYERS WALSH

Shannon on Vietnam

To the Editors: I was pleasantly surprised to read such an insightful commentary on the anti-poverty fad as the article by Paul Jacobs ["Our Friends, The Poor"] on a recent anti-poverty conference, in the March 5 issue of COMMONWEAL. Those metal chits are so symbolic of our country's basic mistrust of the poor.

But then I read the following article, "The Price of Retreat" by William Shannon. I was again surprised. For months I have gone around telling everyone about the excellent history of the Vietnamese people COMMONWEAL printed. In fact, my copy of COMMONWEAL has been constantly circulating, so I can't refer to it more specifically. At any rate, Mr. Shannon does not seem to be aware of the continuous history of war in Vietnam. Briefly, there is no South Vietnamese people: South Vietnam is merely a political division, and that division resulted in civil war. Mr. Shannon at least assumes that the people who live in South Vietnam want the United States in their country, and that the only reason they did not warn us of the recent attacks is that Communists were using suppression tactics.

It would not come as a shock to me to discover that Communists did kill informers, but I am not so naïve to assume that the South Vietnamese government, unstable as it is, and with the support of its U.S. advisers, is not also suppressing Communist informers. Why call foul when we are all suppressing those who are opposed to our particular view? But I would also strongly suspect that since the Viet Cong are winning, and do control much of the South Vietnamese territory, they might even have a positive program for the people. But have we really bothered to listen?

What is distressing about the Shannon article is that it is so characteristic of the either/or position of the Cold War 50's: Communism is evil, democracy the only good. Then, too, there is the idea that the war in Vietnam is in the interests of the United States. Very little is said about the interests of the peasants in a war-torn country.

But what if we reject this framework? What if one admits that Communism and capitalism, just like all other doctrines, desire the same goal—men's minds. And each has its techniques for suppression and conversion. Now it seems as if each has its bombs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The inhuman (needless to say, un-Christian) words of Mr. Shannon strike terror into the human heart: "These small states are not in themselves valuable. . . ." Are some people *really* less valuable? Unless we stop thinking about people and countries as strategic positions, we shall not begin to responsibly decide our future.

The title of the article ("The Price of Retreat") suggests a way of thinking that is basically inconsistent with the aims of COMMONWEAL.

DIANNE FEELEY

Shannon on the Navy

Annapolis, Md.

To the Editors: For me, a professional naval officer, William V. Shannon's Washington Report, "The Price of Retreat" [March 5] was an enlightening surprise. From it, I now learn that the U. S. is able to send fleets at will through the Pacific, land troops in South Korea and South Vietnam and protect the Chinese Nationalists on Formosa because we have had a nuclear umbrella and the Chinese have not. I had always thought it was because we controlled the oceans and they did not.

With other readers I am told that after 18 months or two years "the Chinese will be able to destroy the American 7th Fleet with the delivery of a single bomb." This, in my opinion, is an absurd statement which I prefer to contradict with a specific question: Does Mr. Shannon include within his 7th Fleet, the squadron of Polaris submarines recently deployed in the Pacific and which has enabled a third aircraft carrier to be released from the China coast for service off Vietnam?

Political writers who hold forth on the complex business of military strategy should at least keep a map before them while doing so. China is not a continental state like the Soviet Union; it is a country with a long coast line, exposed to the forces of sea power as Russia is not. The history of the Far East for the past one hundred years confirms this geographic fact which nuclear explosives can not change.

(*Continued on page 93*)

EDITORIALS: 67
ENEMIES FALL OUT: *James O'Gara* **70**
SELMA AND SHARPEVILLE: *Daniel Berrigan* **71**
THE ETHICS OF SELMA: *Max L. Stackhouse* **75**
THE DIOCESAN PRIEST AND THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE: *Stafford Poole* **78**
BREAKTHROUGH IN CHILE: *Donald D. Ranstead* **82**
VERSE: NORTH BEACH: *John B. Thompson* **83**
THE SCREEN: *Philip T. Hartung* **84** **THE STAGE:** *Wilfrid Sheed* **85**
BOOKS: 87 **ART:** *Betty Kaufman* **92** **CORRESPONDENCE: 66**

EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Editor* JAMES O'GARA: *Managing Editor*
DANIEL CALLAHAN: *Associate Editor* JOHN LEO: *Associate Editor*
PETER STEINFELS: *Editorial Assistant* PHILIP T. HARTUNG: *Movie Critic*
WILFRID SHEED: *Drama Critic* JOHN FANDEL: *Poetry*
ROBERT BARRAT: *Paris* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN: *Rome* J. M. CAMERON: *Great Britain*
JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts. Second-class postage paid in Philadelphia, Pa. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and from mid-July to mid-September, at 3rd & Hunting Park, Philadelphia, Pa. by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave, New York, NY 10016 MUrray Hill 3-2042. Copyright © 1965 Commonweal Publishing Co, Inc. US and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign $10 Single copies 25¢

GAS IN VIETNAM

On three occasions since December South Vietnamese troops have employed nausea-inducing gas against Vietcong guerrillas and Vietnamese noncombatants among whom the guerrillas had taken refuge. The gas was supplied by the United States. Militarily, it proved ineffective. It will most likely not be used again.

These are the facts of the recent gas incident in Vietnam. They seem slight and apparently out of proportion to the worldwide furor which resulted. Obviously, something even greater than three attacks with a weapon resembling tear gas was at stake. Mankind was momentarily staring at itself and wondering whether any of those self-restraints which make civilization possible could long hold fast.

Gas warfare, strangely enough, had become a symbol of hope. For a century, terrible new weapons had entered warfare: the machine gun, the battleship, new explosives, the submarine. Gas alone had come and gone. Here humanity, it seemed, had drawn the line. When gas was not used in World War II, many took heart. Even though that war introduced vast techniques of destruction and concluded with nuclear devastation, hope for the peace often enough took the form of reminders that man had voluntarily renounced the use of gas.

"The general opinion of civilized mankind" had outlawed the use of such weapons, President Roosevelt declared in 1943. Whether the gas used in Vietnam was one of the weapons Roosevelt meant seems irrelevant. The years have reduced "the general opinion of civilized mankind" to a very weak voice indeed, and now the actions in South Vietnam appeared likely to silence it altogether. The armories of every major nation are known to contain an array of chemical, bacteriological, and radiological weapons. Would the removal of this last vestige of moral restraint open a new Pandora's Box and let fly a swarm of unimaginable terrors?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This concern is justifiable. And yet there is an irony in the outcry over the gas attacks. Vietnam has seen the use of jellied-gasoline napalm bombs, phosphorous shells, torture, retaliation bombing against entire villages, and the recent introduction of an anti-personnel bomb which showers its target area with razor-like steel fragments. Not too many weeks past, Secretary McNamara calmly reported to Congress on the current astronomical calculus of death and destruction which would result from nuclear war. There was comparatively little outcry. Does it take a memory job to World War I days before man's sensibilities can be stirred? Does in fact the clamor over gas (and gas alone) precisely measure our inability to morally gauge the use of more modern or more common instruments of war? Do we, as Thomas Merton pointed out in a recent letter to this magazine, lament Hiroshima because it was "nuclear" and forget the even worse atrocity of Dresden because it was "conventional"?

It is against the totality of modern warfare that the morality of civilization protests: the submission of an entire village to bombing, the attack on every corner of a man's body and psyche in torture. The issue is not simply the introduction of new weapons and new techniques. To speak of "humane weapons" is, of course, to indulge in newspeak. But as long as wars are with mankind, the devising of more precise and less painful weapons would be a boon. What Secretary Rusk called "the desire to use the minimum force required to deal with the situation to avoid death or injury to innocent people" is obviously praiseworthy.

Yet such possibilities must not simply be the occasion for sapping whatever reserves of moral restraint mankind has retained. In this regard, those who abhorred the gas attacks in Vietnam had all justice on their side.

A further point was unsettling. The moral vacuum in which the action took place was sufficiently indicated by the White House's denial of responsibility. According to President Johnson, authority to use such gases rested with field commanders. Shades of General Goldwater!

The protest over the use of gas will only be significant for the future, however, if it is a stimulant for the sharpening of man's moral intelligence. We cannot depend on the emotional pull of a word and a memory of World War I to meet the moral issues raised by modern weaponry. Dulled by horrors, wearied by complexities, without more than an emotional and disorganized response to occasional incidents our consciences will finally become like Wilfred Owen's World War I companions:

"Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind."

FIRST SKIRMISH

Opening steps in Appalachia show how far the country is from attaining the dimensions of a "Great Society." Hundreds of families there are living in remote villages and ghost towns under unspeakable conditions. Appalachia has its special contours and special problems, but poverty in many forms is endemic all over the United States despite years of sustained prosperity. Inability to meet their basic needs afflicts one-fifth of this nation's families.

The need is obvious, if the best means of meeting it are not. Poverty tends to be self-perpetuating. Poor health and lack of schooling and of skills persist along with lack of opportunities. New forces from without are essential to break the vicious circle. Yet it is of key importance to develop leadership within depressed communities. The ideal is to link local initiative with private and public assistance from without.

One essential is a growing national economy which provides high over-all employment. Coupled with this must be a living wage, which points toward a national minimum wage for both industry and agriculture. Secretary of Labor Wirtz is now pressing for this, along with adequate social security for all, including farm workers. Education and job training likewise hold a key place.

West Virginia's program indicates the magnitude of the task. Potential drop-outs have to be averted through pre-school classes, while students with inadequate homes require rooms for doing their homework. Medical facilities have to be created out of nothing. Soils have to be rebuilt and gainful local industries started. The current highway and access-road program needs to be coordinated with local plans. The sums needed to combat poverty in America can too readily be allotted for the purpose of winning votes. Also it will take time to show sizable results. But with all the obstacles, do the American people have any choice but to tackle the problem of poverty on the scale and with the personal concern it merits?

SILENT ALLIES

The candor and mutual regard that usually mark Anglo-American relations cannot be matched in our dealings with other powers. Our rapport with Britain is valuable for these features, and when they occasionally conflict it is in our interest that candor not suffer too greatly.

This seems to have happened, however, over our

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

policy in Vietnam, which the British Labor government has supported unswervingly except for the minor rebuke its Foreign Secretary, Michael Stewart, issued over our use of gas. Restraint has been particularly hard on Prime Minister Harold Wilson and his cabinet, which trooped idealistically into office last fall promising a more independent role for Britain in foreign affairs.

In opposition, Mr. Wilson had steered a middle course between Labor's Right and Left wings. On the Vietnam question this led Wilson to characterize the war as a "spontaneous nationalist uprising." To the consternation of the party's Left, he has now adopted the American position that it is an overt war of aggression by North Vietnam. This is hardly a candid view, but Mr. Wilson has not been candid since the monetary crises of last November, when the United States bailed out the Labor Government, allowing it to proceed, however cautiously, with its ambitious domestic program.

The extent of Wilson's gratitude up to now seems to have been more his doing than Washington's. It has also led to mounting pressure from his party's Left. Attacked in Commons, Wilson was forced to admit he had not been informed of our intention to use gas and napalm in Vietnam. And having supported our bombings in the North on the understanding that they were a prelude to negotiations, he was compelled to plead ignorance of Maxwell Taylor's ominous warning in Saigon that the war may escalate indefinitely. Beyond this he has argued disastrously that a British break with Washington would not affect our policy.

Mr. Wilson now announces that his former Foreign Secretary will make a fact-finding tour of Southeast Asia, where he presumably will meet with all parties. This sort of initiative is proper for Britain, which is co-chairman with Russia of the 1954 Geneva Conference, and in keeping with Labor's program. It should be welcome. If it leads to negotiations, all the better.

VOTING RIGHTS

All voting-rights legislation is necessarily imperfect, simply because the ways of denying the ballot to the Negro are so devious and varied that no law can guarantee adequate protection. President Johnson has listed a half dozen or more ways in which discrimination is practiced at the polls. Nevertheless the Administration's bill comes to grips only with the two most obvious ones—manipulation of the poll tax and literacy tests. Even here, the attempts to protect the Negro's right to vote while minimizing federal intervention and making the least possible incursion on the states' right to set their own standards has resulted in an awkward formula. It hardly reflects the "simple, uniform standard" that the President promised.

The bill's key section, which would provide federal registrars and eliminate literacy tests in states or political subdivisions where the vote or the registration fell below 50 percent of the voting age population in 1964, is an attempt to give a cloak of universality to spot legislation. The 50 percent figure is wholly arbitrary. On the basis of 1960 figures, the literacy test would be eliminated in St. Martin County, Louisiana, where 48.9 percent of its voting age population went to the polls, but not in nearby Lafayette County, where the figure is 50.4. In a town of, let us say, 10,000 voting-age adults and 3,000 unregistered Negroes, an all-white vote of 5,001 would be enough to exempt the community from the protection of the 50-percent rule. While it may be hard to weep for the Deep South's right to maintain literacy tests when far more important rights are at stake, the fact remains that some mild non-discriminatory tests will be swept aside while fairly stringent ones, like that of New York State, will not be touched.

Then, too, we suspect that the states of the Deep South are not below 50 percent simply because of discrimination, but at least partially because they are still one-party states where the inducement to white voters is lower than elsewhere. North Carolina, with 51 percent of voting age population going to the polls, will escape by mathematical accident. Texas and Arkansas, with large areas under fifty percent, escape because they have no literacy tests and therefore will not be covered. One-quarter of the unregistered Negroes in the South live in states which have no such tests.

The fact that the Administration could do no better than this after weeks of intensive bi-partisan efforts to frame a meaningful bill is a measure of the problems involved. But these difficulties are real and cannot be brushed aside as familiar obstacles erected by Southern Senators. The Senate has instructed the Judiciary Committee to report out the bill in 15 working days—by April 9—and it is easy to see why. The committee, headed by Senator Eastland, is the graveyard of civil rights legislation; it has never reported out a civil rights bill without a deadline set by the Senate at large. And the unspoken fear of some liberals that the bill must be pushed through quickly while the nation's memory of Selma is strong is certainly an understandable one. Yet the complexities here must not be underrated. The expectation is that the bill, whatever its final form, will pass with comparative ease. It ought to be one that is carefully debated and not pushed through quickly with more fervor than form.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

ENEMIES FALL OUT

Some people think the Communists never make a mistake. This is an easy enough error to fall into. Our own failures are right in front us, no further away than the nearest newsstand. Communist mistakes are often successfully hidden from sight.

Some cracks in the Communist facade cannot be concealed, however. Take, for example, the recent Soviet-sponsored conference of nineteen national Communist parties. Called to produce a plan of action that would prevent further fragmentation of the international Communist movement, it failed miserably. In fact, the Chinese, who boycotted it, attacked the conference almost daily, accusing it of appeasement of the United States and various Marxist heresies. The conference was intended to meet the challenge of the Chinese Communists and restore Russia's position as unchallenged leader of World Communism. In point of fact, though, even the pro-Soviet parties assembled in Moscow for the affair were unable to agree on a joint course of action.

The desire to improve relations with the Chinese was supposed to have been one reason for Khrushchev's ouster. Without him at the helm, it was felt, possibly peace could be made with Mao. Khrushchev has been retired to civilian life for almost six months now, though, and relations between Russia and China have got worse, not better.

Land as well as ideology is involved. Marshal Chen Yi, China's deputy premier and foreign minister, told a Japanese delegation recently that the Soviet Union held more than half a million square miles of land belonging to China. Chinese maps of the areas adjacent to the Soviet Union have long been reported to leave the border areas vague; the same thing was true in the case of China's maps of India's border region, and look what happened there.

Between them Russia and China contain about one-third of the world's population. With the Soviet Union's technology and Communist China's manpower, they make a formidable enemy. Taken separately, they are not pushovers, but they are a lot less formidable. So the big question is: Will Russia and China in the long run hate and fear each other more than they hate and fear the rest of the world?

The Russians have always pushed us as far as they dared, but at the same time they have always displayed a healthy fear of the deadly striking power of the United States. For all their twists and turns, therefore, they have followed the line of victory without world war, the so-called peaceful coexistence policy. Mao and Co., on the other hand, appear to see Communist victory as possible only by means of war with the capitalist world; they regard the Russians as craven appeasers of the United States, as apostates who have lost the true faith.

Maybe population strength has something to do with China's attitude; Russian leaders may well wonder if the goal of Chinese policy might not be an all-out war of annihilation between the U.S. and the USSR which would in the end leave Communist China free to pick up the pieces. Mao, on the other hand, undoubtedly has his own suspicion: is Russia moving toward agreement with the U.S. so that between them they can keep Communist China a secondary, backward power?

There are people, I know, who think the rift between the Soviet Union and China means nothing to us. What difference does it make, they ask, if the Chinese denounce the Russians or the Russians the Chinese? In fact, though, it makes a lot of difference. For instance, Russia always refused to provide Communist China with nuclear weapons. This strikes me as something we can all be grateful for. China attacks India; the Soviet Union supplies India with Soviet planes. Is this nothing?

The fact of the matter is that over the centuries relations between the two giants have been strained at best and warlike at worst. China once ruled much of what is now Siberia, and Mao is not likely to forget this fact. Add all these assorted factors up and you have an explosive situation.

What should the U.S. do? It seems to me quite obvious that we should exploit the Russian-Chinese split for our own interests. When Premier Kosygin of Russia traveled recently to North Vietnam to try to win that country away from the Chinese wing of world Communism, for example, I would call that favorable to our interest. How did we react? Mr. Kosygin was no sooner in North Vietnam than we extended our bombing to the area, thus frustrating Russian intentions and inevitably driving the North Vietnamese closer to the waiting Chinese arms. If this makes sense, I must say the logic escapes me.

JAMES O'GARA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SELMA AND SHARPEVILLE

Stereotypes of brutal power

DANIEL BERRIGAN

One had the sense, rightly or no, of having landed here before. It was not merely the red ground underfoot, swirling in the hot wind, kicking up a red cloud around cattle and men and cars. Nor the earth coming to life again, after winter in July, or winter in January. Nor the plain that ran flat to the horizon in both places, far as the eye could reach; dogwood, magnolias, Spanish moss on the buttonwood and scrub pine. One had seen all this before; but one had seen something more, something that clung to the heart and almost defied the reach of words.

It was in the air. It held the eyes of people to a stranger's eye—too long or too briefly for comfort. It was in the air; it was in the shuffle of the Negroes, it clung to the unpaved streets, the open garbage, the children playing in the dirt. It could almost be touched; it was pervasive as memory; something terrifying and obscene. It lingered around the troopers, played and played back from faces too alike to be entirely human. It was death, and violence, and years of terror.

It was the memory of Sharpeville. More than eighty had died in a burst of vicious, pure, unpremeditated violence. It was in the air of Selma; the air bore it like a groan—the memories of some twenty years. Through these town roads, the body of a black man, roped like a venison to the sheriff's car, had been driven into the Negro area. Go slow—slow. Let them see who's in charge here. It was in the air. Fifteen years ago a black man, arrested "for talkin' back" on the word of a cranky white woman, had been murdered in Selma jail. "An unknown policeman" had entered his cell and shot him. His body was dumped off on his family. No verdict, no investigation. But the town has not forgotten.

It is still in the air. Jimmy Lee Jackson, shot in Marion for defending his mother against a trooper's club, died in Good Samaritan Hospital here. He had powder burns on the skin of his belly. The barrel had been pushed to its closest range, and fired twice. The Negroes remembered that night. When they tried to send hearses from Selma to Marion to pick up the wounded, lying untended in the streets, their answer had come from the sheriff's office; come in here, you'll get what the rest got; I'll dump you in the river.

Could the Whites forget, in Selma, or in Johannesburg? In Johannesburg they can, or almost. Once, Sharpeville had been a bitter memory; in '61, the economy was on the verge of a panic. Investors had taken their money elsewhere. There was talk that blood and revolution would follow on the deaths of the blacks. Small countries had begun a boycott; the British Commonwealth had expelled South Africa. But the great powers, and especially the United States, came to the rescue. In one year, 1961, we contributed almost the entire amount needed in foreign exchange to push the trend up once more; some 150 millions poured in to stop the crisis.

The slump was not only eased; it was entirely reversed. By June of 1963, with continued U.S. help,

FATHER DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J., *author of* The World for Wedding Ring, *will have a new book of poetry and a new prose work published next year by Macmillan. He is associate editor of* Jesuit Missions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

South African gold and foreign exchange reserves had more than tripled, to reach a record high. The boom was on. And no one, not even the hardheaded, cares to say where it will stop.

Time, they say, is a slow healer. Money, one thinks, works faster. One American business man calls South Africa "tantalizing" to investors. "We know the people and the government and we back our conviction with our reputation and our dollars."

But money has not come into beleaguered Selma. In the short weeks since Negroes and Northern Whites declared non-violent war, business has dropped by fifty per cent. And time the healer has not arrived yet. He is kept at bay; the false peace is interdicted. The Negroes have seen to that; from Martin Luther King to the farm hand who shows up to march on Tuesday with Monday's bandage still bloody on his head. Indeed, the trooper is right when he cries, zooming like a tortured gadfly on his motorcycle from end to end of the marchers: "I've never seen anything like this in all my ——— life!"

Neither has the nation. Neither has the Church. Who ever heard of a Church, North or South, that has rung, day after day, week after week, with the unending songs, the prayers, the sermons; a Church that spilled into the streets a people ready for whatever hell the troopers are ready to bring down on them: dogs, horses, whips, tear gas, billies? What liturgy prepares men and women and children for Lingo and Clark and Connor? What faith arms men by forbidding them arms, tells them to march when they can, to kneel when they cannot, to face the oppressor—maybe even to convert him? The questions are fierce, and for the moment (for White Americans) unanswerable. But the point is clear; the questions are real questions, as real as the broken bones and the blood; as real as the new hope.

Monday, March 15. We came in, thirty-five strong, from New York, in time for the memorial service for Reverend Reeb. We were from Harlem and Manhattan and Brooklyn, Negroes and whites, layman and priests. Selma was quiet as a mill pond; but the quiet was ominous; the pin had been pulled, the depth charge dropped. Children wandered in the sun, the stores were open, the fresh tourist-signs were out: Welcome to Selma . . . Shannon Hotel. Then, we approached. Browns Chapel, the reality of Selma hit like a tight fist.

The church was ringed with Clark's troopers. They lounged in the open cars, feet hung out of doors and windows, eyes half closed in the sunlight; helmets, billy clubs, a stereotype of sleepy brutal power; the day of the iguana. Our car circled the church for blocks—no way in. Finally, we parked and walked through.

The church was packed. The TV cameras, the newsmen were there in force, tired out but still there. The nation needed to see this; better, since Sunday, it even wanted to see. A shabby backwater church, that had sheltered and comforted generations of Negroes, and had rung with the passion and anguish of a trodden people, was for this week, the heart and focus of America. In it, the most astounding ironies were being taken for granted. Black store-hands and field-workers sat beside distinguished theologians. Hawaiians met New Yorkers, believers shook hands with the unchurched, beatniks sang along with nuns. Men who differed in every conceivable respect—faith and race and culture—found themselves bewildered by a sudden unity whose implications went far beyond the unpredictable days they were enduring together. But they knew beyond any doubt that they would never again be the same men who had lived Before Selma.

Light by light, individual purpose was fused in the incandescent arc of Negro courage and Negro passion. Free-e-e-dom. Free-e-e-dom. They sang it together, the skilled and the ignorant, the neophyte and the victim. Some of them knew what they sang. But the others were learning.

The speeches began. Walter Reuther, an Orthodox Bishop, a Catholic Bishop, two Ministers, and finally Martin Luther King. The words ranged from noble to bathetic, and back again. King's voice was ragged with exhaustion, the strain of vigils and of decisions, the killing round of the weeks, from courts to streets to meetings and back again, with the responsibility of sending the crowds out to face Jim Clark.

One thing was clear. This was the Negro's day. We were, at long last, at his side. But even the newsmen were not sure why we were there. They were not even convinced that we knew why; one of them asked us, in words that were not especially flattering: why have the Catholics gotten into the act? We were not sure either, in a way that could easily be formulated. But it was something like an ethic of the guts; some things cannot be disposed of, in peace, by moral tics over headlines, even in 1965.

Almost everyone one could think of was there: men of concern, men of theology, nurses, teaching nuns, writers, rabbis, artists, students. Where's so and so? He was either there (one would meet him or see him in the crowd) or he was on his way or he had stopped and gone. And all week long, the vigils, the prayers, the Negro hospitality (our money was no good, anywhere) the cheerful enduring faith, the contrast of ascetic purity and puritanism on the rampage, of birth pangs and the desperate lunges of moral death, the swift free calls

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to prayer and song and march, and the knowledge that slavery hemmed us in—what is the Church, anyway? is it where we came from, or is it here, being created by Negroes and their white acolytes?

In any case, it was the black man's day, his week; one might say, his week of creation. He had been conceived and born at Bloody Bridge, at all the bloody crossroads of the nation, weeks and years before Selma. Could he, this week, bring us over that Bridge, to birth? He might; love is a marvelous midwife.

Johannesburg, the Black township, Good Friday, 1964. The Gospel of Saint John was read in Zulu. And they crucified Him there; it was about the third hour . . . The sea of color, the immobile intent faces, men, women, children, hundreds strong, seated on the earthen floor. What could a white man say to them? what could a white priest say? He could say something surely; he might even say a new thing. He might say that Christ had died for all men, even for white men. He could take up his cross, hammered together by fate, propped up, waiting, visible to all. In South Africa, his cross was simply the fact of being a white man with some remnant of conscience. He could say in public, while the Special Branch Police lounged against the walls taking notes, that he was unworthy of his black brothers; that some day, the white man might conceivably leave off being their executioner.

Monday, March 15, Selma. The long memorial service is almost over. Hardly any discomfort is evident; Negroes are used to standing, kneeling, waiting; and the whites are learning. The weather outside is Alabama springtime, a frayed and dusty glory. Dogwood and magnolia are coming to flower. The benediction has been pronounced over the memory of Reeb. Flowers bank the speakers' stand. Someone has pinned to the front of the pulpit a drawing from a Northern newspaper; it shows a wreath of thorns fastened to a gravestone, the tomb of James Reeb. Martin King has spoken. And then, the announcement comes; the march is permitted by court order. Three by three, in silence, we are allowed by the courts of Alabama to march on the courthouse of Selma. It is to be a memorial march for James Jackson and James Reeb. Prayers at the courthouse are permitted; we can even sing.

Whites and Negroes, after all the bitter years, after black heroism and white anger, after Birmingham and Marion and St. Augustine—after all this, both sides are fused together by one fact, a bitter event which neither side wanted, but which each side knew in its heart must come to pass. Each side now had a martyr.

For the Negroes, the irony is very nearly complete. They have had to wait and wait for the whites—when will they stand with us, or march with us? And the whites have waited for a death, before they could be moved. For the Negroes, martyrdom was nothing new at all; it was old as their American history. It had begun with lynchings and disappearances and bodies pulled from rivers. Most of the Negro martyrs were nameless. But one of them, otherwise obscure and humble, had died in Selma; and Selma, by a convergence of happenings beyond all prediction, had exploded.

The explosion was triggered by a white man's death. The blow had been launched by whites; they had struck down a minister of the Gospel. It was a wound with a difference; it lay on the body of the white community.

Time indeed might heal it. Give us time . . . you can't push this thing too fast. . . . But no time was allowed. The Negroes granted time no place. They had been clocked too long by whites; Clark and Lingo had had too much time; time for troopers, time for gas, time for Bloody Bridge. The end was there in sight. We started out.

The Gospel of Saint John, in the Zulu tongue, so strange to American ears; sibilants and the clicking of tongues, with only the names Jesus, Mary, Peter, John, coming through. And about the third hour, they crucified Him. . . . A white priest, in the pulpit of the black church; my fellow Christians. He can hardly remember what he had to say to them. But at the end, the veneration of the Cross. A great wave starts forward: mothers with children, young men, the very old. Three priests move among them, holding the crucifix to their lips. And spontaneously, as is the way with Africans, the chant starts; first, as one voice, hardly rising above the sough of bare feet, that sound which above all sounds is like the sea, on a mild evening. The song is the Zulu dirge for a fallen warrior. They are bearing Him homeward to his village after battle. His name is Jesus, great King, black Warrior. Easily, with infinite delicacy and naturalness, the song breaks into harmony; two parts, then four, then eight, as a yolk divides, or a cell . . . Jesus, great Warrior, we mourn you. O the beauty, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

youth, the empty place. Who shall plead for us, who shall lift our faces, who shall speak wisdom?

The Zulus have a saying: he who is behind must run faster than he who is in front. Even to the Cross. Even when the Cross is held in white hands. Shall the white man time us, even to the Cross? Does he any longer even know the way?

The strangest thing about the march to Selma courthouse, was the utter silence in town. That, and the faces of the troopers. There was a trooper for every marcher, someone said. Almost, but not quite. The three hundred who left the Church were joined, like streams to a great river, by those who had arrived outside, and were waiting; some two thousand in all. The town had gone silent, as though a great hand were clapped to its mouth, at five o'clock on a work-day evening. Traffic was lined up at corners, storekeepers in their doorways; the troopers' cameras were clicking in the faces of the clergy. (Good to know we'll be in Jim Clark's scrapbook!) But mostly silence. Except that all along the route, the transistors kept telling us and the nation what it was like, what it could never be like again, in Selma on a spring evening.

The breakthrough had come, irresistible as spring. You could see it, whoever you were, trooper or housewife, white or black. You could hate it like the approach of death, or feel it in your bones like the nudge of Christ on Lazarus—but it was there, for all the world to see. In the dusk around Courthouse Square (that's Jim Clark's courthouse—but no more, no more) the big TV lights went on in a wink, punctual as dawn, the lights no Negro had dared hope to see. The prayers began; for the dead, for the living, for the persecutors. Martin King laid at the glass doorway a purple wreath: "for James Reeb," the crepe said, But at that moment, the worried, porcine face of Jim Clark was peering through the glass. Jim Clark, framed in a burial wreath; beyond the mild ghost of James Reeb, the death of Southern power and conscienceless law. For the Negroes, it was a moment delicious beyond words; requiescat Jacobus.

In the African reserve, it was autumn; but the autumn had come on so gently it might have been an Alabama spring. Passion flowers and magnolias and wild roses, the last of them. But under the dusty clouds that followed cars and men like their shadows, hardly a flower or a blade of grass. We were in the last of the old city reserves, marked by the city for bulldozing. The serpentine alleys, the crazy shacks, were to come down. One thought; it wouldn't take much of a push to bring all this to the ground.

Coming up: a government plan, complete to the last nail and brick. New dormitories for the black city workers, male and female dwellings side by side, housing for some sixty thousand. (But as usual, when the Verwoerd government plans for the Africans, there's a hidden card. The workers are in fact country people, up from the impoverished reserves to seek jobs. Some sixty per cent of the men are married, by conservative estimate; the government understandably supplies no figures. Many have young families started. They leave wives and children behind; and the pass laws lock them in the city. The government is in fact promoting and legalizing the breakup of African families, and easing the blow by providing easily available prostitution.)

In the reserve in Johannesburg, everything is inside the fences: the schools, the stores, the church and rectory and convent. They were all to come down. The families would be moved some twenty miles out, into paved streets and brick homes. (The finest in Africa, the government declares. Where else in our continent does each black family have its own home, constructed by the state, with a yard and space for a tree or two? A family can even buy its own home on credit. . . . But a family can never own the land on which the home stands.)

We toured the reserve. Hopelessness, torpor, the crime rate soaring. But the priests are welcome. They are the only whites who can move in and out with a measure of safety or the hope of a greeting, in all this jungle. We returned to the rectory. Out of the darkness of the yard, a man and child emerged. They had waited there for an hour "to see the priest who spoke this afternoon. Everyone is saying: he spoke for us, he said something for us. I wanted to thank him; I brought my small daughter to meet him."

Selma, Tuesday afternoon, March 16. Jim Clark"s troopers have raced into Montgomery. A march was undertaken there, and violence has erupted. We in Selma will march also, in sympathy and protest. The wounded are lying in the street of the capital, after a mounted charge. There is a call for doctors and nurses; two nuns get up and leave the church.

Jim Clark has had another frustrating day. Without troopers, he had to keep some hundreds of marchers off the streets, with only his posses and a few men in Conservation Department cars. Baker is not in evidence; he seems to know that Clark cannot do much harm without his bullies. But Clark races up and down Sylvan Street, in front of Browns Chapel, his white Chrysler careening like a dreadnought under fire, stopping the line at one end, then at the other. He swings around to a halt, races from the car ("man, he'll end up dead; he's too fat for all that runnin' "), confronts the line at the north end; on signal the marchers turn south. Back to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the car on the run, down to the other end. But the marchers turn once more, facing center. The line breaks at the middle; those in the center turn at right angles, into the housing project yards. Too narrow for the Chrysler; Clark has to take the long way round. And by then, some are almost to the Court House. Frantic, sweating, he turns them back.

Into the church again. We pray briefly, a Southern Conference minister leading; We ask You that the black belt may become a belt of light. . . . We stand where the law has been misused, where the innocent have been struck down. . . . Be with us and our leaders. . . .

A young Negro in overalls speaks to us. "Clark's not going to tell us we can march one day and not march the next. We're going to keep moving. They're bludgeoning people in Montgomery this afternoon, charging them with horses. We're going to reach our courthouse, and pray there." Another Negro approaches the speaker, and whispers the news. Clark has the Church ringed with police; he's gotten them back into town. "Now this is the worst thing of all. He's trying to keep us in here, against all law. So we're goin' out. We want the priests and ministers to lead; if we're to be beaten, they ought to take it first. Will you go?"

We will. We strike up a song, and start. This might be it.

It was worse, and better, than one had imagined. It may have been all the clerics, the white faces among the black. But there was no charge of the helmeted ring; they stood there, they didn't give an inch; but they didn't move in either. And in Selma, after the past week, that was something new.

In front, the white priest, the rabbi and the Negro minister confronted Clark. The newsmen moved close, the TV took it all in; five minutes of passionate exchange, then the decision. A cleric in front turned to the line, spoke quietly, and knelt. Men and women and children went down on knee, as though under the pressure of some sudden wind. The TV commentator said it into his mike, stepping among the crouching figures to get his pictures. But we already knew it: "It looks like another long night in Selma."

THE ETHICS OF SELMA

Thoughts of a recruit in an unlikely army

MAX L. STACKHOUSE

At 10:30 Monday, March 8, I received a phone call from the New England President of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference requesting that I see about organizing some ministers and faculty from Harvard Divinity School to go to Selma to participate in a demonstration to be held on Tuesday. By noon, two other members of the faculty agreed to go, and others to support us. By 6 p.m. six students volunteered as representatives of the Student Social Action Committee. By eleven, we were airborne to Alabama. By Wednesday morning at 10:30, we were safe and secure in an academic setting and middle-class homes. Yet the impact of those few hours has made an indelible impression upon all who went and presented us with a crucible in which explicitly ethical decisions had to be made.

One could write of this experience in terms of the momentary flashes that touched the emotions and the sensitivities at all levels—of the disorganized yet disciplined character of the proceedings, of the rednecks trying to force an old Negro into the march, telling him that it was for niggers and nigger-lovers and why wasn't he there, of the grimness of walking past four ambulances and three hearses at the foot of the bridge, of the tears of joy from mothers whose teen-age children returned unharmed, of the triumphal re-entry into the city after what would normally be seen as defeat of the intention of the march. One could write in terms of the chronicle of events or of the disparity between our attempts at home to teach our children that police are our friends, and our fear of Alabama patrol cars. One could even write in terms of the atrocities and indignities of the whole situation. But Selma shall remain in our minds primarily for the sustained period of ethical reflection to which we were driven by the simple question of whether to walk across a bridge or not.

MAX L. STACKHOUSE *is a lecturer in ethics on the faculty of the Harvard Divinity School. This is his first appearance in* COMMONWEAL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There were three reference points to which we all seemed to turn in our discussions. None of us were involved in policy-making; our decisions were only as participants. The first was the objective situation. Caught in an information gap because we were not in the councils of the leaders, we could not know what negotiation if any had taken place between Washington and the civil rights leaders. We heard from a car-radio broadcast that the federal court had enjoined the march, but we also heard that President Johnson said we had a right to march but asked us not to. We knew that the Northern participants had come on short notice for short stays, to delay the march for a day or two would make our witness impossible. We constantly heard rumors of dissension among the leadership, and we heard various second-level leaders attempting to whip the crowd into a willingness to go ahead with the march with or without the top leadership. The continual delay of the marching time seemed to confirm the indecision. We knew that the federal courts had been the major protectors of Negro rights in the South and we heard that Judge Johnson was among the most fair of the Southern justices. We knew of and felt the enormous prestige of King, yet he had made no speech to the marchers. We heard from a newsman that the state troopers at the bridge were standing around smoking and joking, in contrast to their tense behavior Sunday, and wondered if some agreement to prevent violence had not already been reached. Yet aides to King were giving us instructions on how to protect ourselves from gas and clubs.

Amid this information poverty and indecision as to the probabilities of the objective situation, there was a second reference point that we had to contend with. I shall call it self-readiness. The evidences of Sunday's melee were on all sides—bandaged heads, sutured faces, arms in slings. Down the street one could see helmeted policemen, rather grim, carrying billy-clubs the size of my small son's baseball bat. In one of the speeches, after rehearsing the homes shot at, the women beaten, and the experience of Sunday, the speaker told us that we were free not to go, for it may be costly. "But I am going out to be beaten," he said, "I am going out to die." Each person had to come to a decision as to whether he was willing to pay the price that this moment may demand, and whether this was the proper moment to take the stand. Although some ten percent of those who had come to Alabama finally decided not to march at this time, even they had to decide whether they were ready. All whom I know decided that they were, even if some were convinced that, in view of the federal injunction, this was not the time. The line between those who did not march but almost did, and those who did march but almost didn't, was too small to measure. The earlier phrase, "those not for us are against us," was transmuted into "those not against us are for us."

Provisional Principles

It should also be pointed out that the decision at the level of "self-readiness" left us free to turn again with a freshness to the analysis of the objective situation and to the quest for some way to interpret the situation.

Thus the third reference which we all turned to was some principle by which we could hang our responses in the midst of objective and subjective complexity. The principles were provisional ones, not based on the ultimate nature of human existence or the ultimate command of God, but upon some argument found in the context in discussion and community with those of our little group, that sounded more convincing than all others. While these principles were found in community, they were different for each person. Consensus was not at the level of theology or ideation. For some, the need to preserve the non-violent character of the leadership forced them to follow King who was attempting to rein in the more militant of his own organization. There were clearly some who wanted to turn non-violence into an instrument of provocation rather than a tactic of ultimate reconciliation. And there were others, even more radical, who wanted to overthrow King's leadership altogether.

Others, noting minor emphases in the speeches of some of the men, picked out distinctions between violation of this specific court order on grounds of conscience and strategy and flouting the whole political-legal system. It is true that for many of the speakers at the continual rally held in Browns Chapel Church, this injunction and Johnson's appeal had meant the capitulation of the federal government to the hands of Wallace and local political-legal practice. But Hosea Williams and one or two others made clear that he believed in the federal system, democratic processes, and the American Constitution, he only wanted to protest this injunction because it was wrong. For those who made this argument and appealed to this principle, there is a rather sharp distinction between the illegal violations of a federal authority by Southern Governors and the civil-disobedience violations by demonstrators on the grounds of moral protest. The former are seen as attempting to avoid legality by covert use of the law with an attempt to escape its consequences, whereas the latter are seen as trying to promote the higher

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

legality of the law of the land by open protest with a willingness to pay the price of the consequences.

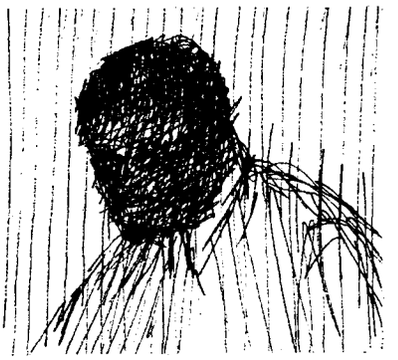
Still others based their decision to participate on an interpretation of history that saw the moment as a *Kairos.* This was the fruitful moment to confront the powers with those presenting a moral alternative. We could not let the steam go out of the present momentum, for the loose charismatic leadership that has control at the moment would fall apart or the situation could easily move into apathy and cynicism on the part of the Negro community and triumph on the part of the state. We were there, we either had to demonstrate now or never. There was no turning back. Yet, for these, there was the question of how to recognize a *Kairos* when you see one.

The argument that was most convincing to me was the fact that the folks whom we had come to support had neither historically nor presently any part in the decision-making process of the political-legal system that was determining their destiny and preventing them from choosing whether to walk on a public highway to assemble for redress of grievance. Had they had the right to vote and influence in any institutional way the instrumentalities that had rendered this decision, I would have felt constrained to desist even in the face of the same ruling. But, in fact, they had been systematically and even brutally excluded from the system.

These were the major arguments that went on, some subscribed to several, some to only one, some to none and decided not to march.

Love as Limits

There are three further observations that must be made about ethical decision-making at the moment of crisis in Selma. One is the process of relativization that took place. Absolute commands such as love, for example, stood not as informative principles, but as negative limits. Love did not tell us how to calculate the various relativities involved, although it did stand as a boundary. We could not act in hate or bitterness, but we could not be sure enough of our own motives that the purity of love could be consciously actualized. Further, our loyalty to the United States was seen as a relative and provisional one, contingent upon the moral righteousness of the specific issue-area involved. Several became convinced that our citizenship was with humanity and with the Kingdom of God, and only insofar as the political order fulfilled its obligations in a way that pointed toward these, could our loyalty be sustained. Yet we were not anti-institutional or anti-legal or anti-political. On the contrary, we felt that we were involved in a process that was bringing a more humane set of institutions, a more moral legal system and a more inclusive political structure. Deep interpersonal relationships were not involved. Institutional and structural questions were at stake.



Further, the entire eschatological framework of the New Testament community which we have understood intellectually for years was now no longer a matter of academic and subjective understanding. The eschatological character of taking upon oneself a citizenship that points toward a future social order, of making decisions that may well involve a concrete kind of finality, of feeling on the *avant garde* of humanity on the front edge of a new aeon—our whole ethical and religious sensitivities were projected toward a new hope and a new expectation. Our understanding of the present both as a point where the future was breaking proleptically upon us, and our measuring the consequences of our acts in terms of its effects on unborn generations and the possible final order of mankind, forced us to understand more fully the objective character of eschatological orientations that prophets have spoken about throughout biblical and Church history.

Finally, our provisional solidarity with Jews, humanists and the religiously unattached who were working toward the same ends was clearly felt. Although our motivations were basically Christian and the rhetoric of the sermons and speeches was almost totally biblical —for that seemed the only language capable of bearing the weight of our concern—there was a universality of involvement that made us unashamed of that solidarity toward righteousness that included persons and issues that one could not pin Christian labels on.

And so we marched, professional civil-rights workers, kids, unemployed Negroes, old women, crippled men, bandaged survivors of Sunday's melee, a few beatniks, and some one thousand Jewish, Protestant and Catholic clergy in the throes of conscience and indecision yet convinced of the righteousness of the cause—a more unlikely army arrayed against Caesar I have never seen.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DIOCESAN PRIEST AND THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE

STAFFORD POOLE

The debate on the relation of American Catholics to the intellectual life has begun to gather momentum again, prompted perhaps both by the *aggiornamento* and by the secular culture's renewed interest in the subject. Richard Hofstadter's *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life,* with its brief but biting survey of Catholic contributions to American hostility to excellence of the mind, has helped to bring the subject to broad general discussion once again. COMMONWEAL has made its own contribution to the renewed debate in its symposium of last October 2.

Like most others who have written on the subject, Professor Hofstadter concludes that the American Catholic Church has contributed in "a forceful and decisive way" to American anti-intellectualism. The Church in this country has spent most of its energy in denouncing those aspects of American life that it cannot agree with and practicing ultra-nationalism in all others as a means of compensating for its foreignness. Thus the institution which is the heir to the oldest continuous intellectual tradition in Western civilization has failed to exploit that resource in the country where it is materially and numerically most prosperous.

In searching out the causes, most writers cover much the same ground as have Monsignor Ellis, Father Ong, and Thomas O'Dea. Throughout most of its history in the United States, the Church has been occupied with trying to absorb millions of unlettered immigrants, meanwhile fighting an endemic anti-Catholicism which has cropped up with regularity. In its battle for survival and acceptance it has understandably neglected the building of an intellectual tradition. Hofstadter also seeks a reason for Catholic anti-intellectualism in the Irish domination of the American Church.

What he and others do not emphasize, however, is that there are roots to the Catholic attitude other than immigration and minority status. The anti-intellectualism of American Catholics derives in some degree—just how much is impossible to reckon—from the dominant human element in the American Church, the clergy, and the great pastoral emphasis that has characterized priestly training since the time of Trent. In the United States, lay anti-intellectualism is a reflection of a prior condition among the clergy. In the training of priests there is a long tradition of distrust for the cultivation of intellectual excellence and the orientation has ordinarily been, not pastoral and intellectual, but pastoral at the expense of the intellectual.

American Pattern

Fundamentally this is because American diocesan seminaries take their origin from those of pre-revolutionary France. Many of those founded in this country were established, or strongly influenced, by either the Sulpicians (founded by Jean-Jacques Olier) or the Vincentians (founded by Saint Vincent de Paul), both of which groups originated in the great religious revival which swept over France in the first half of the seventeenth century and which was the high-water mark of the French Catholic Reformation. This French influence was strengthened by the large numbers of emigré priests who fled to this country to escape the anti-religious legislation of the Revolution and was augmented by the waves of Irish who migrated to the United States before the Civil War. During penal times the majority of the Irish clergy were educated in France, in special colleges such as those of Douay,

FATHER STAFFORD POOLE, C.M., *is Academic Dean at the Vincentian Fathers' St. Mary's Seminary, Missouri. This article is adapted from his forthcoming book,* Seminary in Crisis *(Herder & Herder).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lille, Toulouse, and especially Paris. The first native Irish seminary, Maynooth, founded in 1795 when the Revolution destroyed the Irish colleges in France, was staffed by men strongly under the French influence. All Hallow's, founded in 1842 to train clergy to minister to the Irish diaspora, was organized in deliberate imitation of the Sulpician-Vincentian tradition and later passed under the administration of the latter group.

Thus the people whom G. M. Trevelyan called the most priest-ridden in Europe were very strongly influenced by the ideas of the French religious revival, particularly those of Olier and Saint Vincent. Until the Revolution their communities dominated the training of the clergy in France. In the 1800's, the tradition found its way over to America, where such dioceses as Saint Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Brooklyn, New York, Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, and Chicago, had their clergy trained at some time or other by the Vincentians or Sulpicians. Many still do. Despite the great and often heroic work that they performed, they left the stamp of the French Counter-Reformation on American seminaries and clergy, a stamp which was intensified by the American environment and the great crises of "Americanism" and "modernism." Consequently, any understanding of the American Catholic mentality must take into consideration the attitudes of the French religious revival, and particularly the ideas of Olier and Vincent de Paul on the intellectual training of priests.

Safe and Practical

In the thought of both there is a strong orientation toward the "safe" and the practical and a deep distrust of the intellectual, an orientation which was common in the post-Tridentine period and which was partially a reaction to the Renaissance. Vincent's concept of the religious life was strongly colored by what we now call the "ghetto mentality." Priests, he felt, should be men of charity and zeal, and yet at the same time their contacts with the laity should be minimal, confined to those things vitally necessary to the ministry. Priests should be completely divorced from political and social questions. Olier did not go so far as to lay any specific prohibitions on his seminarists, but he did consider an interest in news of the world as something undesirable.

From this it followed that both felt a priest's education should be confined to those things which were necessary for his ministry. Vincent seems to have been more guilty of this than Olier, despite his own native intelligence and his degrees in theology and canon law, and it may explain why his seminaries developed no genuine intellectual tradition. Typical was a statement by Olier: "If you study for any other motive than that of piety, all your knowledge will serve only to make you more vain, more full of yourselves, more self-opinionated and attached to your own judgment; in a word, the more learned you become, the drier will be your devotion. To be learned without being puffed up is a miracle: *scientia inflat.*"

This strain of anti-intellectualism naturally affected the development of seminaries and it was heightened in the United States, where, of all the elements of the Catholic Church, the diocesan seminary was the least affected by its environment. Even in its organizational structure—the six years of major and six years of minor seminary—it remained foreign. It was, and in many respects still is, an isolated institution which developed independently of American public education, Catholic lay education, and even of other seminaries. The repressive effects of the Americanist controversy and the condemnation of modernism intensified even more.

Secular reading matter was banned altogether or permitted only by way of exception, a situation that still prevails in a few seminaries. Students received all their training at the seminary and spent the greater part of their formative years in residence there. Even if there were no overt anti-intellectualism, there was usually apathy, a vague indifference or a condescending attitude which relegated the academic and intellectual life to the interstices between spiritual exercises.

One reason for the tenacity of this attitude was the very nature of the major-minor seminary structure. With the college curriculum split, it was inevitable that its importance in the whole program be slighted. In practice there was usually little difference in the minor seminary between the level of instruction in the high school and that of the first two years of college—the minor seminary was six years of high school. In the major seminary the last two years of college were overshadowed by the theological curriculum and the single-minded emphasis on philosophy, with the result that the liberal arts training lacked vitality.

Theology itself was usually of Counter-Reformation, polemical vintage, taught in a simplistic, authoritarian way, without any real attempt to instil the habit of theological thought. As Father Charles Davis pointed out in *Downside Review* in October, 1963, it was a conservative theology, lagging behind current teaching, geared to the textbook mentality, divorced from scripture, relying heavily on authoritarian statements, and subordinated to the outlook and needs of the clergy. Theological texts usually remained standard for an incredible number of years, with few revisions and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those often superficial. The different branches of theology overlapped and in many crucial areas, such as the theology of non-Catholics, the application of the virtue of justice to modern business life, apologetics, new movements in theology and scripture, the American seminary was deficient.

American seminaries have no reputation for scholarship. Some rank high academically and are well received by accrediting agencies, but they produce little original thought. Even in the theological sciences, research and originality have no place in the average seminary administration. It is significant that among Catholic journals, those destined for a general clerical readership are less original, less profound, more afraid of controversy, more intent on reputation and more inclined to be "safe" than those which are intended for a combined lay-clerical audience.

There is, then, a strong vein of anti-intellectualism in the American clergy, which has also had its effect on the Catholic laity. This means that, aside from the dismal tendency of many to stagnate after ordination, there is a definite hostility to culture and cultivation of the mind, coupled with a clear suspicion of talent. A profile of the anti-intellectual priest would disclose a man who is authoritarian, who exalts the group over the individual, who extols the heart over the mind and experience over intelligence, and who is very much to the right in politics.

Confused by Controversy

The anti-intellectual priest tends to be authoritarian, not merely in the sense of the old-fashioned clerical dictator, but in the sense that he needs and wants direction from above for his own thinking. Confused by controversy or by new and unaccustomed modes of thought, accustomed to reasoning only within rigid limits, he sincerely prefers to have answers delivered to him in the simple yes-no style of the manuals. Once received they are unquestioned. He is hurt and confused when the laity are not satisfied with the same approach. He has a refutation mentality and favors the suppression of, or at least a vigorous counterattack on, what he considers undesirable and subversive. Frequently his need for direction is concretized in a particular priest or theologian whose pronouncements come to have an authority without appeal.

By the same token, the anti-intellectual priest, stressing experience over intellect, frequently has an exaggerated respect for the judgments of older men and manifold cautions against the imprudences and pitfalls that wait for youth. As Dan Herr has said, it is unwise to write anything before the age of fifty-five, because it leaves one open to the charge of being "young." Much of the criticism leveled against Hans Küng has been of this variety. When one of the most famous and respected members of the faculty of Catholic University warned, a few years ago, of the danger of growing anti-clericalism in the United States, a conservative and anti-intellectual clerical magazine referred to him as an "ivory tower" professor. The obvious implication was that any priest on the parish firing line knows much more than the unrealistic intellectual.

One of the weirder aspects of Catholic anti-intellectualism, mentioned by Hofstadter, is the tendency of Catholics on the political right to join with their traditional enemies, the Anglo-Saxon rural Protestants, in militant anti-Communism. "It seems a melancholy thing," he remarks ironically, "that a union which the common bonds of Christian fraternity could not achieve has been forged by the ecumenism of hatred." Catholics are still prominent on the far right, as evidenced by groups like the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation. The anti-intellectual priest can be found there also, for like many of the French and German clergy of the thirties, he is convinced that what is anti-Communist is automatically to be supported. This may account in part for the widespread failure to preach the social doctrines of the Church with full vigor. This revolt against the modern world—and that is just what much of the rightist agitation is—can be carried to the extremes of a newspaper like *The Wanderer* or it can create grotesque alliances like that of Coughlin-Smith-Lemke in 1936.

The tradition of rightist Catholic-rural-Protestant union continues undiminished with the presence of priests in the John Birch Society and in the passive way in which many clergy accepted and supported the proposal to amend the Constitution to permit prayers in public schools. The reasoning is that such an amendment would keep God in public life and would be a setback to the Supreme Court as the arch-conspirator behind a carefully planned program of secularism which is scheming to control the country. This sort of reaction betrays not only ignorance of American constitutional history but also a short memory as to the Protestant ethos from which public school prayers developed. (It can be argued very convincingly that the Becker Amendment would have done nothing to help stem the course of secularism in this country—but somehow there is the simple, rustic faith in the effectiveness of legislation to promote personal morality. The Becker Amendment was another product of the mentality that gave us Prohibition.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The anti-intellectual priest sometimes casts a jaundiced eye on the reform currently taking place in many seminaries. He likes to point out that the "questioning intellectualism" of the French clergy has done little to rescue the mass of the French people from their practical paganism. He distrusts the heavier intellectual emphasis to be found in seminaries today and he feels that the seminary is trying to produce a generation of scholars at the expense of good parish priests. The coming generation of priests, he fears, may lack the common touch altogether.

As a result, American seminaries have been consistently guilty of deifying the average student. It is a cliché that administrators feel that the good average student makes the best priest. Unfortunately it is but a brief step from glorifying the average to condoning the mediocre. The drop-out of the brilliant and talented is sometimes looked on as the grace of God weeding out the troublesome, the proud, and the intractable, whereas the Church may be losing the cultured, the inventive, the original, and the leaders. Part of this attitude is rooted in a fear of talent as something difficult to contain and control, as if there were no apostolate to the intellectuals and the best Catholics were those who are none too bright.

Reasons Unconvincing

The motives sometimes given for the necessity of intellectual development in a priest often lack cogency. A seminarian may be given the examples of such minds as Augustine, Aquinas, Bellarmine, or Bonaventure, but the average student can hardly identify with them. He will necessarily feel that they are remote and represent an unattainable ideal and so he will tend to feel a strong affinity for a model like the Curé of Ars. Similarly the pragmatic reasons given for intellectual excellence are often unconvincing. The fact that the priest encounters a wide variety of educated persons in the course of his ministry, persons with whom he must be able to communicate on their own level, may cause a seminarian to view the intellectual life as an encyclopedic assortment of facts which borders of dilettantism. Or the idea that a certain degree of knowledge is necessary for actual use in the priestly office, while undeniable, can encourage the candidate to concentrate only on those things whose utility he sees or to be content with the bare minimum of attainment.

Every priest has the obligation of bearing witness to the intellectual life of the Church according to his God-given ability. The Church has a profound respect for the human mind and, despite the inevitable exceptions, its history is generally a picture of reverence for and cultivation of that reflection of divinity which is the human intellect. But it would seem that the overall place of intellectualism in the priestly life must be determined by the same principles that govern spiritual perfection or any other kind of growth. The priesthood is a vocation that calls for the highest possible self-perfection, pursued from a supernatural motive, for the purpose of serving and helping others. It has then a twofold aspect, that of self-development and that of using this development as a means of service to others.

The priest must first of all have a high regard for the human intellect as such and for its function, and at the same time he must see himself as a unity in which all elements unite to produce an individual personality and character. Rather than divide his life into isolated compartments which may be in apparent conflict with each other, he should feel that perfection of himself in any area contributes to his entire growth as a human being and that this in turn will affect all his relationships with others. Intellectual excellence, like spiritual excellence, is something especially intimate to a man, something to which he can give himself wholeheartedly so that he shuns the superficial, the shallow and the obvious. Hence, in his functions, whether of counseling, preaching, teaching, advising, or counseling, he is imparting something which is uniquely his—he is very literally giving of himself in an outstanding way. But it is essential that he have something to give and that he give it from an overflowing abundance. What he has absorbed interiorly, perhaps at great cost of time and effort, is now given to others precisely for their good. And so intellectualism, like those acts which are more immediately spiritual in their orientation, contributes to the holiness of the priest through the exercise of his function and his office.

For the seminarian, studies are the groundwork of this function and form an organic unity with it. In a real sense, studies, like participation in the liturgy, are his only true counterpart of the priestly function.

For all their heroic work in other areas, such as the assimilation of the immigrant, the American clergy have by and large failed their people in the realm of intellect. The current *aggiornamento* now finally being felt even in seminaries is going to create great tensions and even hostilities within the Church during the next few years. It is to be hoped that these will be the birth pangs of a rejuvenated Catholic mentality in the United States.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Victory for the Christian Democrats

BREAKTHROUGH IN CHILE

DONALD D. RANSTEAD

President Eduardo Frei's "first hundred days" were a good deal more frustrating than he bargained for. The lame-duck Chilean congress refused to pass *any* of the legislation requested by Latin America's first Christian Democratic administration. This obstructionist policy has now backfired. The March 7 congressional elections, a crucial test for Chile and Christian Democracy, brought a landslide for Frei.

The President's party raised its number of senators from 4 to 13, its number of deputies in the lower house from 28 to 82, a clear majority. The *Mercurio* editorialized: "For the first time in our political history, the Executive is identified with the majority in Parliament. . . . Both powers respond basically to the same concepts and have, as a result, the responsibility to give rapid and efficient government to the nation." Who lost the election? *El Siglo* answered in a gleeful *post mortem:* "The political right, in its traditional expression, has received the death blow." The Liberal and Conservative parties declined by about half, to 7 and 5 percent respectively. The Radicals declined from 21 percent to 13. The parties of the *Frente de Acción Popular* maintained their hold on a quarter of the nation's voters: the Communists, with 12 percent, and the Socialists, with 10 percent, are now the third and fourth largest parties.

The resistance to Frei in the old congress had begun with his elevation to the Presidency last September 4. Frei won big, with 56 percent of the vote to 39 percent for Salvador Allende, the leftist candidate. Along the way, he accepted Liberal and Conservative support—which, as it turned out, he did not need. These reluctant allies and the parties of the left opposed his initiatives from the first. The Rightist and Radical Party, for instance, fought Frei's proposal to tax luxury items such as autos and television sets. The Chairman of the Christian Democratic Party observed scornfully: "During the presidential campaign I met wealthy individuals ready to pledge 50% of their monthly income to ensure Frei's victory. These same people are now horrified at the prospect of a 1% to 2% tax on the value of luxury holdings and non-working capital." Only in foreign matters was the new administration able to effect changes, changes which had Dr. Allende proposed them, would have terrified the State Department as well as the local Right.

Diplomatic and trade relations were resumed, after an 18-year break, with the Soviet Union, Poland and other East European countries. In addition, last January a well-known *Freista* Senator flew to Havana to discuss possible renewal of trade relations with the Castro regime. Frei named as ambassador to Washington the Christian Democrats' Number Two Man, Radomiro Tomic, who had scathingly denounced Chile's break with Cuba. Even with such foreign-policy heresies, Chile appears to be one of the great hopes of the United States in South America. Judging by the large loan extended recently, Uncle Sam seems to think so too.

Frei's administration is determined to act "in the national interest" and not in any alleged Hemispheric interest contradicting it. Much of this attitude bears on Chile's only big dollar earner, copper. Within weeks after assuming power, Frei announced that an agreement had been reached with U.S.-owned copper companies giving Chile direct participation in their management. It is a comprehensive scheme calling for a doubling of production by 1970, an expansion of local refining, and Chilean control of the mineral's marketing. Although the Marxist parties opposed it, the Left-dominated *Central Unica de Trabajadores* (the A.F.L.-C.I.O. of Chile) tentatively supported it ("as a move toward nationalization"). The conservative press also saw real merit in the accord. Yet on February 4 the Legislature shelved it after only 12 meetings and 14½ hours of debate. This rebuff was the last of a series of blows to the President's program. Just three weeks earlier Congress had turned down his requests for special taxes and enabling legislation. The five major opposition parties—deeply divided on matters ideological—seemed united as legislators against what they saw as an overweening executive.

By January the wall along the Mapocho river divid-

DONALD D. RANSTEAD, *a previous contributor, is an American now teaching and writing in Santiago.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing Santiago carried new whitewash messages reading: "*No afloje, Presidente*" (Don't give up, President). This pro-Administration sentiment was found, just a month before the election, to be widespread indeed. A poll conducted by the University of Chile's Institute for Socio-Economic Research, which was made known in mid-February, showed the citizenry pro-Frei in the majority and against the seeming petty obstructionism of Congress. The report also implied the popularity of one of the Chief Executive's earliest proposals—that certain administration initiatives be submitted directly to the people for approval rather than to Congress. This Gaullist plebiscite notion was denounced by the conservative *Mercurio* with the same fervor as the Communist *El Siglo* as well as by Congress. The only plebiscite in Chile in 1965 would be, as the leaders of the Christian Democrats underscored, the March 7th elections. Eighty percent of the nation's three million voters went to the polls and returned a vote of confidence in Frei that surprised even the most optimistic of his supporters.

The Chilean Christian Democratic Party is not another Cold-War "Third-Force" organization devoted solely to warding off Communist threats. It began some ten years before the Cold War as a faction of idealistic young intellectuals within the Conservative Party and grew quite gradually—from 3% of the popular vote in 1941 to today's 42%. The present government leaders have fought for their principles for over 25 years. These men even courted excommunication then for their radical interpretation of the Gospels as well as papal encyclicals. They did not become more conservative as they grew older. Thus, Chile's Christian Democrats are not apt to face an Italian type left-right split very soon. Their slogan is "*Revolución en Libertad*" and they have, for years, spoken more of the "*Revolución*" than "*Libertad*"—the latter noun often being used in Latin America merely as a cloak for anti-Communist tub-thumping or a defense of selfishness on the part of the traditional Right. It seems not just ungrateful (Frei and his Party were against outlawing the Communists in 1947 and for the Party's re-legalization in 1958) but untrue to insist—as the FRAP does—that the Christian Democrats are simply "the new face of the Right." All the same, if there *is* to be pressure on Frei many Christian Democratic *militantes* feel it better to come from the left which is at least close to the people than the right which is not.

Now that Frei has his Congress what are his goals? In an interview printed in *Ercilla* March 10 he listed them: To bring inflation under control (a *monthly* average increase in living costs of over 3% last year) and establish a stable currency; to improve the quantity and quality of public education at all levels; to reorganize the public administration; to carry out effective agricultural reform; to stimulate economic development thus ensuring full employment; and, finally, to increase government spending on housing and slum clearance. This is an ambitious program indeed, especially for a country which has an external debt of $1.75 billion and has to spend over $100 million annually on food imports. These seemingly utopian aims might, however, be partially realized before 1970. It always surprises "tough-minded" experts how very much a people can do when they feel at one with their elected representatives.

It would be misreading events in Latin America to think that Chile's recent experiences will be duplicated very soon elsewhere. None of her sister-republics has a similar—and necessary—tradition of political continuity. In the past few years Christian Democratic parties have appeared in Venezuela, Brazil, and elsewhere. Most of them are small and rely more on routine anti-Communism than "*Revolución en Libertad*" as a slogan. Thus, whereas Frei's Party condemned last year's *golpe* in Brazil, that country's Christian Democrats supported it. Since the overthrow of Paz Estenssoro in Bolivia, small groups have emerged describing themselves as ideological brothers of Frei and Tomic—but have no programs. Decades of stability and a democratic tradition seem a prerequisite for the type of political opportunities which the elections of September 4 and March 7 make possible. All the same, Latin America's impatient non-*Fidelista* left will be watching Chile closely to see if it is possible, under optimum conditions, to revolutionize an archaic social and economic structure "*en Libertad.*"

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

JOHN BEAUCHAMP THOMPSON

NORTH BEACH

I remember Giacometti's funeral.
I shall always remember Giacometti's funeral.
I do not know who Giacometti was
Or how he lived or how long he lived,
Or if he was good or bad,
Old or young,
Saint or racketeer.
But I remember Giacometti's funeral
Because a brave Italian brass band
Of tired, marching old musicians
Played doleful dirges and led the parade
At Giacometti's funeral.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUT OUT MORE FLAGS

THE SCREEN

Last week it was "The Train," and this week it's "The Bus." The former is a star-cast fiction film based on a couple of pages of history, and "The Bus" is a no-name-cast documentary made during an event that will surely be mentioned in history books. The characters in both are inspired by principles. In "The Train," it is patriotism; but in "The Bus," it is even loftier: equality and civic conscience.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about "The Bus" is that a feature-length documentary like this, about a busload of people traveling from California to the March on Washington, could have so much charm and humor along with its good will and social concern. Much of the credit for this should go to producer Haskell Wexler, who photographed the trip in black and white with a portable camera that was so quiet that his subjects didn't realize they were being shot, and to the passengers themselves whose intensely eager faces and bits of dialogue are fascinating.

Right from the start when the Greyhound bus departs from a San Francisco street where parents and friends are apprehensively waving goodbye, we get to know the passenger-marchers, this mixture of blacks and whites, mostly young people with a few older folk to lend an air of propriety. Wexler shows us the changing scenery from time to time, but he concentrates mainly on the group as he records their conversation. He skillfully skips back and forth from one person to another on the bus and at stopping off places, so by the end of the journey that takes three days and three nights, we have gotten to know some of these people quite well.

One Negro chap gives his version of why American Negroes are less nationalistic than the Africans. A white girl deplores the use of violence—for whatever cause. A man describes the experiences a friend went through in a non-violence school. A soft-spoken Negro man, who served in World Wars I and II and is now well in his 60s, tells of the early days of N.A.A.C.P. many of whose members were considered subversive; he later explains that, although he had been a teacher, he felt he had done so little to promote good relationships between blacks and whites, he *ought* to go on this march to help the cause. The group is not always in agreement—about asserting themselves in segregated restaurants during the trip or even about whether the money spent on this trip couldn't be better used for something else. But the rows in this well-mannered group never get out-of-hand; whenever tempers flare, that blond guitar-playing kid has everyone singing again. Although the Californians are greeted warmly by the other Freedom Marchers in Washington, and the brief shots of the March itself are impressive, it is the amiable relationships between the Negroes and whites on the bus that you will remember longest from this good documentary.

Even some of the war films nowadays carry a love-and-understand-your-enemy message. Two, on our screens now, don't follow through to the logical end, but both have enough good intentions to prove their value. Frank Sinatra, producing and directing his first film, comes up with "None But the Brave," a war picture which he co-produced with several Japanese. It tells a story of events on a little South Pacific island where some Japanese soldiers are abandoned without radio. A plane with American Marines crashes. The two enemies face each other, start to battle it out, and finally their commanders (Tatsuya Mihashi and Clint Walker) realize neither side has the advantage and both sides may be stuck there till the end of the war—and later. So they exchange supplies, join forces to fight a typhoon, and enjoy a truce that is more or less friendly.

A good film should have come out of this interesting situation, but the script and director Sinatra go in for so much horseplay that the whole thesis is weakened. Furthermore the Japanese soldiers are so much more sensible than the fun-loving, clownish Americans played by Sinatra, Tony Bill, Tommy Sands, Brad Dexter, *et al.*, the picture almost seems to be lopsided. Sometimes one wonders how those Rover Boys ever won the war.

A similar theme is much better handled in the French "Taxi for Tobruk," in which four French soldiers, lost in 1942 in the North African desert, capture a German patrol car and an Afrika Korps captain who knows his way around. At first the four French treat their prisoner like a prisoner—or worse; but it soon becomes obvious to them and him that he is going to be the guide and they the brawn. So it is; and producer-director Denys de la Patelliere manages to get some very lively action into this desert scene as the men hide from Allied bombers, temporarily join retreating Germans, and carefully make their way out after getting stuck in a mine field. Like "None But the Brave,"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Taxi" has humor and occasional clowning, but it's on a more sophisticated level with satiric touches that kid men's foibles where they should be kidded. The finale of "Taxi," as with "None" is disappointing, but up to it, the film is engrossing and very well acted by Hardy Kruger as the German, Charles Aznavour as a French Jewish doctor, Lino Ventura as a French corporal stronger in muscle than brain. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE VENETIAN DRAG

THE STAGE

The naïve American and the wise Frenchman, the neurotic American and the well-adjusted Italian, the puritanical American and the knowing geisha—surely this story doesn't need to be told again, in any of its many forms. No doubt these 19th-century confrontations still occur from time to time in remote villages but not often enough to justify the literature on the subject. Any well-read American should be brimful of oriental wisdom and European *je ne sais quoi* by the time he gets off the boat; while every foreigner carries his camera and his list of silly questions. So the roles could easily be reversed, or—perhaps better still—forgotten.

Which is a roundabout way of saying that, in a world groggy from cultural exchange and the thundering hooves of the tourists, a musical like "Do I Hear a Waltz" sounds like the last echo of a Tibetan monastery bell. It takes place in Venice, against a background of yellowing 19th-century prints; the heroine is resolutely pre-Jamesian in her gawky innocence—one of nature's volley-ball players, you might say; and the plot is so familiar that most of it can be left out—which perhaps is no worse than a mixed curse.

For it leaves plenty of time for the music, and since this is by Richard Rodgers, it is of quite some interest. Mr. Rodgers has collaborated this time round with Stephen Sondheim, the librettist of "A Funny Thing Happened, etc." and it looks like the makings of a promising arrangement. The chic sentimentality of Oscar Hammerstein's later work seemed to have a depressant, emulsifying effect on the composer. Mr. Sondheim is sharper and neater, and may prove to be the tonic that was needed. The tunes are fresh (inevitable word when talking about a Rodgers score) and inventive: nothing unforgettable, but no "make-tunes" either.

Now if only Mr. Rodgers would be a little more adventurous in his choice of scripts . . . "Do I hear a waltz"

DISSENT

Invitation to a Bargain

Dissent is offering you a special introductory bargain: *3 issues for* $2, good until May first. If that news is enough to make you want immediately to fill out the blank below, skip the rest of this ad. If not, please read on.

Dissent, a 100-page quarterly, was started in 1954 to provide a clear voice for democratic radicalism in the U.S.A. We dissented from the common assumption that the Cold War was a holy crusade; or that America, having solved its social problems, was entering an era of "moderation". And we had our own unfinished business: to reconsider critically the ideas of democratic socialism, without veering into dogmatics or blending into the establishment.

No institution supports us, none controls us. A group of intellectuals, labor people and students edits *Dissent*. And no one gets paid: it's an old-fashioned labor of love and conviction.

Current matters such as civil rights and medicare concern us. We also believe that a fundamental restructuring of society is needed, toward democratic planning, communal participation and humane values. We are intransigeant enemies of totalitarianism, whether "right" or "left" — we want free speech in Berkeley and Havana and oppose those who want it only in one place.

Over the years we've published such major articles as Norman Mailer's "The White Negro", the great underground document from literary Russia called "On Socialist Realism", Paul Goodman's "Growing Up Absurd", a discussion on civil rights with Bayard Rustin etc.

Dissent is edited by Irving Howe, and among the members of its editorial board are Michael Harrington, Meyer Schapiro, Norman Mailer and Lewis Coser.

Our special introductory offer begins with the current WINTER/1965 issue, a 144-page number featuring "The Prospects for Pluralistic Communism", a 42-page essay by Richard Lowenthal; Ben Seligman's study on "Automation and the Unions"; Michael Walzer's first-hand report from Labor Britain; Irving Howe on the U. S. elections; Lewis Feuer on "Meeting the Soviet Philosophers" etc.

Try *Dissent*—a serious, controversial, thoughtful magazine.

Dissent, 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017

I accept your introductory offer of 3 issues for $2 to begin with the Winter/1965 issue; payment is enclosed.

Name .....

Address .....

City,State,Zip Code .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING PARISH

A MAGAZINE FOR THE RENEWAL OF PARISH LIFE

In 1965 THE LIVING PARISH expects to publish short, practical articles, written from experience, on:

- **Pastor and laity: towards a real partnership**
- **The unity of the parish from a layman's point of view**
- **Family groups as a means of parish unity**
- **Co-operation with local ministers in practice**
- **Social co-operation with non-Catholics**
- **Bible lectures in the parish**
- **How to prepare the parish for raising money**
- **Youth clubs**
- **Methods of raising money compared**
- **"And You Weeks"**
- **From school to parish**
- **The school assembly**
- **Holy Week in the parish**
- **Helping the people to sing**
- **Service as the bond of unity in the parish**
- **Fitting old churches to new insights**

The purpose of this magazine is to make widely available experience in parishes as to how best to put into effect the decrees and insights of the Vatican Council. The magazine is published by editors of the INSIGHT series. It is published every two months, and the annual subscription is $1.50.

THE LIVING PARISH
Ealing Abbey, London, W.5. England

Make checks payable to "The Bursar, Ealing Abbey"

Add up all the victims of blindness, paralytic polio, cerebral palsy, rheumatic heart disease.

Twice that total are mentally retarded.

What are you going to do about it?

Write for Free Booklet from
The President's Committee on Mental Retardation
Washington, D. C.

Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council.

has already turned up as a straight play, called "The Time of the Cuckoo" and as a movie called "Summertime," and it is high time it was laid to rest. There is a sense of neurotic fatigue about all this adapting and readapting of mediocre originals—like a club in which the secretary keeps becoming the treasurer and the treasurer keeps becoming the secretary, because they can't trust anyone else.

The play opens with one of those bustling, colorful street scenes, which is absolutely wrong in tone and feeling. The girl with the suitcase is straight from "Wonderful Town"; the town she arrives in is one of those bustling foreign places—a cross between Port Said and Petticoat Lane—teeming with acrobatic tarts and con-men; there is no suggestion of the hard, slightly aloof dignity that distinguishes Venetians from, say, Romans. This is musicalcomedyville, everywhere and nowhere, and I hope it doesn't sound too snobbish to say that I shed a small glycerine tear for Henry James and Thomas Mann when I saw what had happened to their city.

However, that's just one scene, and things are never quite that bad again. Most of the subsequent action takes place in the garden of a pensione, run by a gouging landlady (Carol Bruce) who sings a funny song in praise of her current guests (Americans) and in contempt of all past and future guests (un-Americans), and this is just about the truth about tourism. There are several other nice patter-songs about this and that, and it is good to have Mr. Rodgers doing them again.

The ersatz earthiness that made a song like "I Enjoy Being a Girl" ("Flower Drum Song") such a painful experience, is no longer one of his problems—but by some law of compensation it keeps cropping up in other parts of the script, in the form of yards and yards of sleazy folk-wisdom about Italians and sex. The central romance is, as indicated, an uncompromising yawn, although the contestants (Elizabeth Allen and Sergio Franchi) are nice people with big voices. One interesting feature of their relationship goes largely unexplored. Whenever Miss Allen accuses Mr. Franchi of dishonesty—and God knows, she has occasion to—she is told, à la Rose Franzblau, that she doesn't trust *herself*. This exploitation of American psychiatry-mongering, to nudge along the outflow of gold, might make an amusing subject; but I'm afraid in this case it is not meant to be funny.

Two other performers should be mentioned in closing. Jack Manning, who plays a small part, that of the inevitable typical-tourist, with lightness and grace, and Fleury D'Antonakis, a very funny somnambulist maid.

(At the 46th St. Theater) WILFRID SHEED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

In one field of medicine, treatment of the poor is always second-rate

Mental Health of the Poor

EDIT. BY FRANK RIESSMAN, JEROME COHEN, ARTHUR PEARL

The Free Press, $9.95

KARL STERN

All those who hold that social planning goes against personal incentive and is therefore morally bad, and that the practice of medicine must remain part of free enterprise, should be given the opportunity to work in a psychiatric out-patient clinic. They also should be made to read the present book.

Psychiatry as taught at medical school and presented in textbooks disregards the social and economic setting of the patient. This is justified up to a point. Just as the course and symptomatology of appendicitis and scarlet fever are the same in rich and poor alike, so are the course of symptomatology of catatonic stupor or of phobic anxiety. However, even at medical school we get occasionally a glimpse of social epidemiology, and the facts are puzzling: migraine headache (a well defined pathophysiological entity) is rare in the working class and among the poor; the *grande hystérie* of the Victorian era has become a great clinical rarity in our days. The (apparently psychogenic) choreiform disturbances affecting large groups of people in the Middle Ages are no longer seen.

The facts of social epidemiology of mental illness are not easy to interpret: one survey (conducted in Baltimore) shows whites suffering from more disorders than Negroes. Psychoses are more prevalent in the low-income groups; however, "automatic and visceral disorders of psychogenic origin" (does this mean anxiety and psychosomatic disease?) increase with income. Another study, conducted among Detroit factory workers shows a poorer state of mental health in factory workers as one moves from the skilled, responsible and varied type of work down to jobs lower in these respects.

This relationship is not due in any large degree to differences of pre-job background or personality of the men who enter and remain in the several types of work. The relationship of mental health to occupation, in other words, appears to be "genuine"; mental health is dependent on factors associated with the job. On the basis of common clinical experience this conclusion is surprising. In reality, such matters seem more complex than the interpretations make them appear. At any rate, these two examples may serve to illustrate the complexity of the subject. This book contains an extraordinary wealth of factual material of this kind.

Even more important is the study on treatment facilities. When it comes to physical illness, rich and poor may expect, fundamentally, the same treatment. When you suffer from an abscess of the gall bladder, a fracture of the femur or a cancer of the colon your bank account has no bearing on the basic choice of method. (The differences lie in external comforts and in the sense of future security, in certain aspects of after-care—all factors not to be underestimated.)

Not so in psychiatry. The only case in which there is a certain amount of social equality is that of the acute psychosis. In all other respects the poor are at a shocking disadvantage. If we assume hypothetically that the orthodox psychoanalytic method, with its hundreds of hours, is as clearly indicated in certain psychiatric disorders as surgical or pharmacological procedures are in certain physical illnesses, we have the

SEMINARY IN CRISIS

Stafford Poole CM

A first critical evaluation of the historical development and present effectiveness of the American diocesan seminary. This timely book offers suggestions and guidelines in the light of the current Church renewal. Father Poole, Dean of St. Mary's Seminary, Perryville, Mo., discusses the character of the present day seminarian, his spiritual and intellectual training, and the vexing problem of obedience and authority. He also examines the thesis that if the seminary is to keep abreast of the times it must be reunited to the university, influencing and being influenced by it. $3.95

DISCIPLESHIP AND PRIESTHOOD

A Biblical Interpretation

Karl Hermann Schelkle

In response to the claim that there exists no other priestly role beside that of Christ, the author establishes the biblical foundation and understanding of church office. This theological investigation of the bases of the priesthood analyzes the concepts of discipleship and apostleship, the care of souls, proclamation and the apostle as priest. $3.50

HERDER AND HERDER
232 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blatant scandal of social and economic privilege of a few in the field of mental health.

Freud was the first to see this: ". . . one may reasonably expect that at some time or other the conscience of the community will awake and admonish it that the poor man has just as much right to help for his mind as he now has for the surgeon's means for saving his life. . . . The task will then arise for us to adapt our techniques to the new conditions. I have no doubt that the validity of our psychological assumptions will impress the uneducated too, but we shall need to find the simplest and most natural expressions for our theoretical doctrines."

One of the many facets of the problem which comes out again and again in the present book is the mechanism of transference and countertransference which is subtly, yet strongly, influenced by the social and economic framework in which therapist and patient meet. The present reviewer published, some twelve years ago, a study on problems of negative countertransference which developed in the course of work with indigent old people. We had, as a pilot project, developed an old-age guidance clinic, in which indigent old people were seen—not so much senile patients but cerebrally normal oldsters who, however, suffered from problems of emotional adjustment during the age of retirement. All those engaged in therapy reacted to this kind of work, at least initially, with anxiety and depression. And apart from "non-social" factors (the "parental image" in the patient) the main factors of disturbance were: the therapist's unconscious apprehension of his own insecurity in old age (out of identification with the client) and the sense of frustration about certain elements in the patient's situation which had become fossilized and were no longer accessible to any change.

Similar mechanisms are observed in different contexts in the present book, even if they are not expressed exactly with these words. Incidentally, the only serious flaw one may mention is the fact that geriatric psychiatry is not only not allotted a special chapter but comparatively neglected throughout the book. With increasing longevity, and with the influence of technocracy and urbanization on old age, this is a grave omission. (Should the problem of "poor *and* old" have been scotomized out of those unconscious motivations we just mentioned?)

Apart from this one gap, this book is a *must* in every psychiatric library. It should be made compulsory post-graduate reading before our young lions who, unburdened by qualms of social conscience, start out in lucrative private practices. In fact, since the great number of single articles may blur the fundamental message under a mass of factual detail, a shortened edition should be made available, perhaps by one author, just to make sure that nobody misses the point.

Generation of the Third Eye

ED. DANIEL CALLAHAN

Sheed and Ward, $4.95

PHILIP DEASY

In these *aggiornamento* days it appears that in the country of the two-eyed, the three-eyed will be king. "Generation of third eye," as applied to the New Breed in American Catholicism, is a phrase of Father John Courtney Murray. As explained by that epitome of New Breedism and former student of Father Murray's, Daniel Callahan, the generation is one "which, cut loose from many of its roots, from the nurture of old traditions, looks constantly into itself, and is thus partially paralyzed, [for] even obsessive activity can be a form of paralysis."

Since there are some stodgy, mostly late middle-aged, American Catholics who look askance (with only two eyes, of course) at New Breeders, Mr. Callahan would do well not to stress unduly the word "paralyzed." Otherwise the three-eyed might be too readily excoriated as the cockeyed. The emphasis should be on the new generation as one of probers and scrutinizers possessed of something not unlike that Wordsworthian eye that "made quiet by the power of harmony and the deep power of joy," sees "into the life of things."

To display representative members of this probing generation at their characteristic best, Mr. Callahan has put together the self-portraits of twenty-two of them, plus his own portrait, which opens the collection as "an autobiographical introduction." There is also a short afterword by avuncular John Cogley, who perhaps because of his advancing age, prefers to keep his eye single. Mr. Cogley, has, in fact, become such an incorrigible square he thinks referring to a generation as three-eyed is silly.

The twenty-two contributors include four women, one of whom is a nun, Sister Helen James John; and another, the only convert of the group (from Judaism), Donna Myers. Among the men there are four priests. What is most to be noted, however, is the preponderance of those from the world of academe. No fewer than seventeen of the twenty-two are either teaching or doing research in the university. Of the remainder, three, in Thomas Curley's words, "make everything but a living by writing." Without pausing here to consider the implications of such a high academic representation among these young (rough average: thirty-two) Catholic leaders, one prediction may safely be made. Sooner than we think the anguished cry will go up, "Where are the Lawyer Callahans and the Banker Novaks and the Industry Executive Thormans?" For a similar reason a past critic of the American Catholic Church like Evelyn Waugh might raise an eyebrow at many of the names in the Callahan procession: Ahearn, Bannon, Brett, Curley, Costello, Greeley, Kearns, O'Gorman, etc. Even Father Bernard Murchland is careful enough to note, "My mother was an Irish Catholic." Oh, yes. Other names among the contributors are Novak, Francoeur, Ruether, Schutzius, Steinfels, Uhlmann, etc.

Since two of the contributors (Francis Kearns and Donna Myers), open their essays with a text from St. Paul, I shall do likewise to indicate the pre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vailing theme of all these self-portraits. It is the familiar Pauline text: "When I was a child I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away the things of a child." The childish things that these spokesmen have put away are all that in American Catholic life inhibit maturity. It is on their adulthood that they most emphatically insist. They do not want to be treated like children. They do not need to be. They can think for themselves. Their ideal is not passive acceptance but active participation and contribution. With their third-eye vision, blind faith and blind obedience are impossible. They reject all abdication of personal choice and responsibility. They emphasize freedom, most of all freedom of conscience, autonomy, honesty and the inviolate maintenance of one's independence.

The hero of this third-eyed generation is Father Hans Küng. His name comes up repeatedly. Francis Kearns quotes him: "As a Church of *men*, sinful men, the Church, though of divine foundation, needs criticizing; as the Church of *God* she is, more than any other institution, *worth* criticizing." Not surprisingly, therefore, there is much criticizing from these spokesmen. Catholic education in all phases is the target of the sharpest blows; though, on the other hand, it is inspiring to read Edward Ahearn's tribute to his liberal arts education at Manhattan College, and Douglas Cole's account of his awakening to Catholicism from his courses at Notre Dame. Parish life, seminary training, Catholic ghettoism, middlebrow Catholicism, Catholic teaching and attitudes about sex and marriage, the Index, the Legion of Decency, and even the Catholic intellectuals themselves, are other targets. They are, of course, familiar ones, but the new generation attacks them with special bite and effectiveness. The three-eyed wear their rue with a difference.

Another refreshing note about the new generation is that it has no inclination to make a bugaboo of secularism. The three-eyed are all, in the best sense, worldly people. "How," they might well ask in wonderment, "can any Catholic be anti-worldly, especially anti-modern-world, after *Mater et Magistra* and *Pacem in Terris*?" As Pope Paul himself has proclaimed, the twentieth century world is not to be conquered, but served; not to be condemned but strengthened and saved.

On the pessimistic side, attention should be called to Donald Costello's reference to the Notre Dame Administration's "frantic" worry about "the sagging religious life of this coldly detached generation of students," a worry that is undoubtedly shared by many another Catholic college administration. It is also the kind of worry that disturbs Father Andrew Greeley, who says he isn't at all convinced that the laity of the future will have "that spark of creativity, that splendor of imagination, that dauntless zeal which are necessary to blend competence and Catholicism into a full Christian life."

HONESTY IN THE CHURCH
by Daniel Callahan

Foreword by Bernard Murchland, C.S.C.

Hailed as the voice of a new Catholic generation for his THE MIND OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN, Daniel Callahan has just completed another book sure to provoke heated debate.

Mr. Callahan holds that many forms of Catholic life tempt the Catholic to dishonesty: the glorification of the past, ecclesiastical rhetoric, excessive respect for authority, a fear of damaging one's faith. Thus, the Catholic often finds himself faced with dilemmas in which he believes he has to choose between honesty and his commitment to the Church. Mr. Callahan attempts to find answers to these dilemmas as he discusses the right of Catholics to doubt, freedom of conscience and the duty of the individual to speak his mind within the Church.

"Callahan has placed the actions of clergy and laity alike under a searing scrutiny. He cuts through the abstract to the deeper, personal, response to truth, and so continues in a constructive way the task of renewal to which the Church has dedicated itself."
—ROLAND E. MURPHY, *O. Carm.*

"What do individual Catholics actually believe, in the depths of their hearts? Callahan's is a pioneering exploration and it will make many people uncomfortable. But following him through the walls he breaches, many thousands of readers will find a more authentic Catholic life."
—MICHAEL NOVAK

$3.95 at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Expressions of concern like that, of course, bring up that dark question of just what impact the New Breed has and will have on the mainstream of American Catholicism.

John Cogley, despite the reservations referred to earlier, calls *Generation of the Third Eye* "a fascinating account." That it is, and a continuously absorbing one. Even though Garry Wills, in his contribution, makes a pretty convincing case that we as Catholics should learn to do without books like this, it can still be added that, until we do, the New Breed should get the kind of admiring and attentive hearing that *Generation of the Third Eye* richly deserves.

I Lost It at the Movies

PAULINE KAEL

Atlantic-Little Brown, $6

GERALD WEALES

Pauline Kael is exasperating, idiosyncratic, prejudiced and patently unfair. She is also the only movie critic writing today whom I read consistently with pleasure. There are three reasons why I am attracted to the lady, and all of them are colored by the compliments of my opening sentence. First, she likes movies. She undercalculates the number of intellectuals and academics who share her predilection—a miscalculation which keeps her busy dissociating herself from those who follow the halloo of social and artistic "significance" which is supposed to bring them into art-film houses.

Although she obviously accepts the film as an art form (her pantheon includes Kurosawa, Renoir, De Sica, Satyajit Ray), she is a critic in the tradition of James Agee—one less interested in preconceptions than in going to the movies and talking about what she sees on the screen. Which brings us to the second reason I respect her as a critic: she has an eye and a mind almost as sharp as her tongue. She sometimes sees obliquely and she occasionally interprets what she sees in an unlikely way (which means I disagree with her about some films), but even at her most perverse her opinions are informed by intelligence.

Finally, she writes extremely well. She is known for her wit—really a kind of stylized maliciousness—but the best thing about that wit is a quality that can be found all through her writing—an ability to come quickly and vividly to the point, whether she is describing a scene, discussing a social attitude or clobbering a real or imagined opponent. She sometimes succumbs to critical cant, but so infrequently that one is pulled up short by her lapses—as when she calls *La Grande Illusion* "poetry" or writes a phony phrase like "the banalities of short skirts and modern-day streets and shops."

Although *I Lost It at the Movies* is a collection of reviews and articles written during the past decade, it displays a consistency of attitude that lets the reader know both where Pauline Kael stands and where she thinks she stands. In her review of *L'Avventura*, she says of Antonioni that "although he may believe in the socialist criticism of society, he has no faith in the socialist solution." Then she adds, "probably more of us than would care to admit it feel the same way."

It is her attraction to revolt and her distrust of easy solutions that makes her treat sympathetically the American j.d. movies and the English angry ones, although she accepts the kicking adolescent as the movie's truth and the appended message as its sociably acceptable lie. It would be misleading to suggest that she is romantic about the rebels (as many of the films are), but she finds in them as, she finds implicit in the rhythm and the characters of many American movies of the 1930's and 1940's, an understandable impatience with society. For her, this impatience is more genuine—more human if you like—than the moralizing of reformers, which in her context includes the moviemakers and movie critics who manipulate the facts of life to uphold political and social platitudes of the right, left or middle (class).

She is essentially an affirmer rather than an attacker, and she is drawn to those films which show an affection for life—whether it be shown in the tempo of commercialism, as in an Astaire-Rogers musical, or in the attempt of an artist to understand the world and the people in it. Nor is there a single way to that understanding, for the movies she praises range from De Sica's realism to Max Ophul's deceptive artificiality. "Like Renoir and De Sica, Ray sees that life itself is good no matter how bad it is. It is difficult to discuss art which is an affirmation of life, without fear of becoming maudlin. But is there any other kind of art, on screen or elsewhere?"

This sense of what movies can be (by art or accident) is the positive side of Pauline Kael. It implies a tolerance (she praises Ray for not needing villains) that is in conflict with her stance as a critic. The image of Miss Kael that comes through most strongly—perhaps it is her image of herself—is of a game little fighter, her back against Bay Bridge, defending the best in movies from an attacking mob, made up of ordinary movie-goers, her friends (mostly

"Exhaustive research... admirably clear and objective."

Praise from Donald Campion, S.J., Associate Editor of *America*, for

JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY: CONTEMPORARY CHURCH-STATE THEORY

by THOMAS T. LOVE

The first complete, systematic critique of the progressive Catholic theory of Church-State relations in a pluralistic democracy — as developed and formulated by Father Murray. $4.95 at all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

academics) and the movie reviewers. Although she occasionally implies a kind of audience folk wisdom (particularly when an overheard remark supports her argument), she generally chides the audiences for not letting her lead them out of the wilderness. Her friends are apparently all fools, prigs and stereotypical liberals with predictable built-in responses, which means she has an odd taste in friends; or else she makes them seem that way to keep up the image of Pauline in peril. Reviewers "are a destructive bunch of solidly, stupidly respectable mummies" whose reviews seem designed as excuses for Miss Kael's own destructive turns.

Her pose is silly since most of the movies she praises have a great many admirers, and, more important, it is damaging to her work. The best of her reviews become tinged with ludicrousness when she suddenly comes on like Beau Geste at Zinderneuf. Her habit of quoting other reviewers to show what fools they are continually mars her work—not only its tone, but its style, for she regularly disrupts her own argument, her own analysis, her own rhythm to point the finger of shame. I am willing that Pauline Kael wear the crown of contemporary film criticism, but she would deserve it a great deal more if she quit interrupting the work she does so well to insist that the other reviewers play King of the Mountain.

Catholicism: Religion of Tomorrow?

HENRI FESQUET

Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $4.95

JOHN RATTE

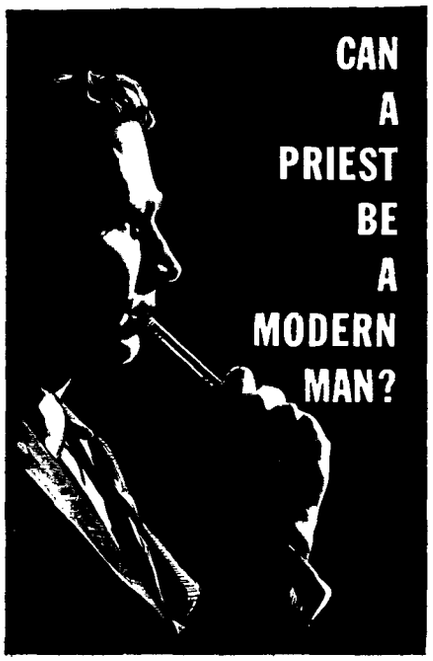
Revolution has a dialectic. The heady impulse to act, once change has begun, is countered by the deep and irresistible drive to re-act, re-establish, restore; to sleep sound and safe again in the comfortable arms of habit and the past. The psychology of reaction is if anything deeper than the psychology of reform, by the same logic that makes the forgotten experiences of childhood more meaningful and more limiting for adult life than much of its conscious and rational activity. Perhaps it is an intuitive sense of this fact that has transformed reformers into fanatics; that made the Robespierre of the Reign of Terror out of the provincial lawyer with a copy of Rousseau in his hip-pocket.

If anything this dialectic is stronger in matters of religion than in matters of politics. The Jesus character of religious reform in Christianity—the inter-penetration of the two processes of looking back into the origins of the apostolic age, and looking ahead in the future for the shape of the civilization and Church of tomorrow—makes revolutionary action doubly dangerous, doubly demanding, and at the same time doubles the force of the temptation to stop, call a halt, let things be, take it easy, and slowly slide back into the comfortable over-stuffed chairs from which we had only partly risen.

The Catholic Church may now find itself at such a moment of psychological crisis. The reaction can take two forms. One, the more extreme, produces a violent love of the *ancien régime*, a sudden trembling sense of the richness of the lost Latin liturgy, the baroque solemnity of the priest climbing the mountain of the Lord to have secret converse with Him before his open tent; or maybe only a faint nostalgia for the seeming magic of a Latin absolution, the reassuring, paternal figure of the Parish Priest and an answer from systematic theology for our every need. This kind of reaction seems dangerous at first sight. Actually, it is harmless; it may even be therapeutic.

The second kind of reaction is more troubling because it is more subtle. It tends to forget, or has never understood, the *radical* character of reform: it argues that *aggiornamento* is not a question of new skins, much less of new wine, but only of snazzy labels. ("We're talking English, the participation-factor is up 30%, the new altar is the proper slab style, we're dialoguing all over the place and our PR is soaring.")

In this mood we can forget that behind the changes in what the French call the "cult" of Catholicism there lies



● The Paulist Father is a **modern man** in every sense of the word. He is a man of this age, cognizant of the needs of modern men. He is free from stifling formalism, is a pioneer in using contemporary ways to achieve the conversion of 100 million non-Catholic Americans. He is a missionary to his own people — the American people. He utilizes modern techniques to fulfill his mission, is encouraged to call upon his own innate talents to help further his dedicated goal.

● If the vital spark of serving God through man has been ignited in you, why not pursue an investigation of your life as a priest? The Paulist Fathers have developed an aptitude test for the modern man interested in devoting his life to God. This can be a vital instrument to help you make the most important decision of your life. Write for it today.

NATIONAL VOCATIONS DIRECTOR
PAULIST FATHERS Dept. 2
415 WEST 59th STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10019

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a rediscovery of the true novelty of Christianity, what might best be described in the term coined for the flawed ambitions of Soviet Marxism: "the permanent revolution' of the commandment of love, the reality of the Incarnation, the promise of the Kingdom. We need constantly to be reminded of this: it would not be an exaggeration to say that the Church could well support an army of internal propagandists who would simply repeat over and over again the simple facts that Henri Fesquet sets before us in *Catholicism: Religion of Tomorrow?* For without impugning the power of the Holy Spirit which works through, as well as for, men, Catholicism will not be the religion of tomorrow unless we resist, as priests and people of God, the delicious temptation to let go now, and be content with modernization instead of reformation.

After all, the propagandists for the Church *over* the world have had nine hundred years to do their work, and the apologists of the Church *against* the world have had five hunded years, so it is not unreasonable to ask for fifty years for the spokesman of the Church *for* the world to drum into our every day heads the achievements—and the hopes—of modern biblical scholarship and modern ecclesiological speculation and experiment.

Fesquet is the religion editor of *Le Monde:* he is a lay apologist and enthusiast for Catholicism: he is not a lay theologian. He speaks of, and from, the work of the best French and German reformers. But his frame of reference is often French in a very specific and therefore obscure way, and his American editors would have done well to tinker with the original text of 1961. But the better part of the book is universal in its applicability and appeal: the strictures on clerical luxury, an indictment of catechetical practices which are both theologically and psychologically destructive: above all, his splendid presentation of recent positive understanding of the idea that the secularization of the world is a Christian achievement, rather than a Christian failure, are all as applicable to the American as they are to the French scene.

In spite of a few limitations Fesquet's book still ought to be quickly run off in a paperback edition of two million and sold for ten cents a copy everywhere. It is a great irony that Fesquet should join *Time* magazine in trying to dispose of Teilhard by making him a kind of twentieth-century Aquinas *manqué:* it would seem that our penchant for super-systems is the idol we find hardest to put aside. But the paradox of comparing an evolutionary understanding of Christ with the static formulation of the Incarnation which was achieved by the development of Christian philosophy from the school of the Alexandrines to the Schools of the late Middle Ages in no way weakens the force of Fesquet's argument that Teilhard's vision is the kind of antidote we need to swig down when the fever of reaction, or just plain laziness, begins to infect the People of God as it goes about the demanding, exciting, and redeeming task of reforming itself.

College of Notre Dame of Maryland

Baltimore 10, Maryland

Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame

Fully Accredited
Program leading to A.B. degree

Arts and Sciences
Teacher Training Pre-Medical

For catalog and further Information address the Director of Admissions

TEGAWITHA

CATHOLIC CAMP FOR GIRLS, 6-16

Atop the Poconos. On private lake. All land sports, swimming, riding, dramatics, dancing, crafts, tutoring. 8 or 4 weeks. Private chapel on grounds.

48th Year

For catalog, address:
Mrs. James P. Lynch, Director
Camp Tegawitha, Box G,
Tobyhanna, Pa.

Classified

• RATES: 30c a word, 12 words minimum. Centered lines: $1.80 a line. Discounts: 3 times 5%; 7 times, 10%; 13 times, 15%. Payable with order.

Handwriting

• YOUR HANDWRITING REVEALS character, hidden talents, potentials, flaws, health, personality. Send three pages, $4, for astonishing professional evaluation. GRAPH-LAB. Box 12-W, Olympia, Washington.

Vacations

• FARMHOUSE ACCOMMODATIONS for vacationing families in New Brunswick. Overlooking Oak Bay Causeway. Full bath, good beds, excellent meals. Home-grown beef and vegetables. Horseback riding, swimming with instructions, trips for inland, sea bass and trout fishing. Doctor, nurse available. Season June 1 through October-November hunting. $40 per week, per person. Apply E. B. JOHNSTON, M.D., Box 940, St. Stephen, N. B., Canada.

Change of Address

• Please return the addressed portion of your latest Commonweal wrapper, as well as your new complete address and zip code, and allow four weeks to effect change.

GEORGES ROUAULT

ART

The savage feeling, the multiple layers of expression, the duality of a ruthless humanity, of a complex hatred of man's hypocrisies and a clear, simple faith in God—these qualities riddle the work of the two of the foremost Roman Catholic artists of modern times. Léon Bloy was a very different kind of man—one who plunged into the world to try to retrieve, revive and reform, who died in action in 1917, sharing in the extremes of man's experience. Georges Rouault was a recluse who husbanded his energies to concentrate his love and bitterness in his painting. It might be said that, dying, Bloy passed on to Rouault the torch of his protest, and that Rouault carried it on until by the end of his life it was pure illumination.

Recently a group of fifty-four small oil paintings, executed by Rouault between 1930 and 1938 as the basis for illustration of a poem by Andre Suaréz called *La Passion,* were shown for three weeks at the Perls Gallery in New York. These hitherto unexhibited and virtually unknown paintings were previously shown at the Valley House Gallery in Dallas, Texas (a city of many faces, it seems) whose director, D. S. Vogel, was chiefly responsible for this great opportunity. They will be shown again at the Galerie Charpentier in Paris this spring. The paintings belong

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the heirs of Ambroise Vollard (for a long period the artist's dealer, and the publisher of *La Passion*) and are for sale for what is described as an astronomical figure. Whatever happens to them eventually, it is devoutly to be hoped that they remain together and that they will be forever on public view. They represent the finest flowering of Rouault's so often baffling and enigmatic genius.

In the catalogue for this exhibit Robert de Bolli proposes that "Rouault's work is an intercession with God on behalf of . . . the nameless misérables of the old suburb"—this world. However, in one of his own letters Rouault says "I prefer to paint rather than plead," and in fact it seems that his art is not an intercession with God but a passionate portrait of the artist's vision of the "old suburb," with its transforming good and its lumpish evil. It shapes, if anything, a plea for man to *see* it. These paintings, the iconography of which is often baffling, build up an experience that is an illumination of reality. While single or unrelated works by Rouault can often be merely a shock, a puzzle, or a singular and eccentric enchantment, this procession of works (an empty street, a trio of brutal faces, three crosses on a hill, the head of Christ) become a Christian litany that elucidate the world.

These paintings are marked by a thick impasto of superimposed color that plays a counterpoint to the strong line and the simple mass of form that is Giottoesque in its substantial vigor. Giotto, Daumier, Byzantium are all absorbed in a vision and technique that is unique and of our own day, even though these paintings seem to glow in the light of eternity. That light is often in Rouault's painting; in these of *La Passion* it appears to be an afterglow, like of that crepuscular moment when the sun has gone and its light seems to come through the earth, the stones, men's bodies, the white robe of Christ.

Almost at the same time that this remarkable series was being shown in New York, a group of 180 "unfinished" paintings by the French master were exhibited in the Salon Carré of the Louvre. This recent gift of the artist's daughter to the government can be seen as a nice observance of his wishes: these unfinished works are shown as such, records of the artist's scrupulous way of work, and are safe from misrepresentation and commercial exploitation. The strength of Rouault's feelings in this regard can be deduced from the aftermath of the famous lawsuit he won against Vollard in 1947, when he burned 315 canvases out of 700 he recovered from his former dealer.

These posthumous revelations of Rouault may be the beginning of a new and deeper appreciation of his genius. It is a genius that is not easy to love nor to plumb, but it is continuously and powerfully absorbing to the eye and the imagination. Like in his technique, there are layers of evocative image to fathom.

In the end it may well be judged that the paintings for Suaréz' *La Passion* are the apotheosis of Rouault's faith and his art. These images of the Christian epic, stubbornly and fiercely expressed in terms that seem mined out of a contemporary earth, have a plain integrity that fulfills a great need of the human spirit and of art. It is a curious irony that they should belong to the heirs of the man who Rouault accused of having "sequestered" his works and kept them from the world at the time of the lawsuit; they now seem like a personal message from him from beyond the grave.

BETTY KAUFMAN

REVIEWERS

KARL STERN, *a psychiatrist himself, is the well-known author of several books, including* Pillar of Fire *and* Through Dooms of Love.

PHILIP DEASY, *a frequent contributor to these pages, teaches in the English Department at St. Peter's College, New Jersey.*

GERALD WEALES *is a member of the faculty at the University of Pennsylvania. His most recent books are* American Drama since World War II *and* A Play and Its Parts.

JOHN RATTE *is a member of the history department at Amherst College, Massachusetts, and a previous contributor to these pages.*

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 67*)

"If China is permitted to become a full fledged nuclear power . . ." Tell me, pray, how do we withhold permission? Does Mr. Shannon suggest it in the last two sentences of his article? If so, this is getting close to the idea of "preemptive war," something I never thought would be even hinted at in the pages of COMMONWEAL.

His reasoning is outdated—almost back to "brinkmanship." The Cuban crisis ended the convulsive phase in the development of nuclear energy. After two decades of being both fascinated and frightened, statesman (and we must include the Chinese) are at last rejecting the early invalid assumptions made regarding nuclear weapons and are appraising them realistically as to what they can and cannot do.

Nuclear "weapons" are, in fact, not weapons at all in the sense of being tools of military combat. Their tremendous power make them political instruments on the same level with the armed forces themselves but working in an opposite manner. Military force Nuclear energy in explosive form, on is a positive agent of national policy. the other hand, performs a negative function, that of check, by forcing extension of the diplomatic process and when that fails, keeping the violence of war limited and directed to its political ends.

When China perfects her nuclear bombs and delivery systems, the military and hence the political situation along the China coast will crystallize rather than become more fluid. Where the United States is then is where she will remain because the U. S. will be in Asia, vis-a-vis the Chinese, as the U. S. is now in Europe, vis-a-vis the Soviet Union—hostages to each other. We should stay in Vietnam now so we will be there when this happens.

Politically, what do we do there? I doubt if any American is qualified to give an answer. Strategically, what we should do in our own interest is very

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evident—maintain control with organized U. S. forces of the critical area about Saigon and also Camrahn Bay, the World War II Japanese naval base about 200 miles northeast of the capital. If we take this military step, workable political arrangements may follow. This has happened before.

A base at Camrahn Bay will improve our peripheral strategy position in Southeast Asia and make it easier to help our British friends hold Malacca Strait, today the most critical stretch of water in the world. Saigon in U. S. hands will be a refuge for free men and could be made into another Free World showcase, a political lever against Communism which we know how to use far better than we do the Army's new fads, "counter-insurgency" and "advisory warfare." True the topography about Saigon does not lend itself to easy perimeter defense but Camrahn Bay could furnish necessary support. If the latter alone were held, its defenses would no doubt soon be engulfed with refugees who would otherwise have fled to a free Saigon.

Mr. Shannon, using more heat than light, perhaps purposely, warns us to stay in Vietnam. So does geography, strategy and "The Price of Retreat" from the China coast in 1949. That strategic blunder was soon paid for in blood. We must also not forget we abandoned in that retreat at least fifty years of Christian missionary effort and shamefully deserted those engaged in it and their followers. Are we to do the same in Vietnam? That is a question Catholic periodicals like COMMONWEAL might well address to their countrymen —loud and clear. JOHN D. HAYES
Rear Admiral, USN (Ret)

Are You Concerned About:

—the Council. . .Vietnam. . .the novel today. . .Alabama and Mississippi. . .freedom in the Church. . .the trouble on the right. . .the ecumenical movement. . .the state of our unions. . . reform in our seminaries. . .racialism in the North. . .war on poverty. . .weapons ethics. . .automation. . .changes in the Communist world?

Such topics have recently been discussed in the pages of COMMONWEAL. Our aim is lively, informed, intelligent discussion of the leading issues of the day—social, political, cultural and religious. Regular columnists James O'Gara, William Pfaff and William Shannon are joined by a wide range of talented contributors. Read Robert McAfee Brown, presenting a Protestant viewpoint, Philip Hartung on films, Wilfrid Sheed on the theater, among others.

The COMMONWEAL casts a wide net. If you aren't a subscriber, why not try the special introductory offer—17 issues for $2. We think you will agree that the magazine makes stimulating reading.

17 Issues for $2

For New Subscribers Only

COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016.
Enclosed is $2. Please send the next 17 issues of Commonweal to:

Name .....

Address .....

City, State, Zip .....

4/2/65

Priest Corps

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: I heartily agree with your editorial of February 19 pointing out the responsibility of our North American parishes to assist the parishes in Latin America. Rightly, you note that this is based on the idea of the community of the Church. In fact, it was Pius XII who insisted that the repercussions of the Catholic situation in one mission land "go greatly beyond the frontiers of that continent and it is necessary that the fraternal response to so many needs should come from the entire Church."

The continent this pope was referring to was Africa. Somehow the publicity given to the situation of the Church in Latin America in recent years has obscured the strong plea Pius XII made to the entire Church in 1957 to come to the assistance of the Church in Africa. In his encyclical *Fidei Donum* he pointed out the grave needs and problems of the Church in that continent and he stated that the problems of Africa are no longer a limited and local matter that can be resolved at leisure little by little, and independently of the general life of the Christian world. He noted also that the Church has the duty to offer to the emerging nations of Africa, in the greatest measure possible, the substantial riches of her doctrine and her life as animators of a Christian social order. Teaching that "in the Church no member lives for himself

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alone, but helps the others, and all help each other for their mutual consolation, as well as for a better development of the whole body," he besought bishops to feel deeply with him the duty of propagating the Gospel and of founding the Church throughout the whole world.

In pointing this out, it is far from my intention to detract from the serious needs of the Church in Latin America or from the responsibility of North American parishes to help meet these needs. Far from injecting any suggestion of opposition or division, my purpose is simply to point out that all you have written so well about meeting the needs of the Church in Latin America can be said, and indeed was said by Pius XII, about coming to the assistance of the Church in Africa. Yet this fact seems to be overlooked and even neglected. To be truly Catholic, one must be concerned about the Church and her needs everywhere in the world, and so it would seem necessary and opportune to bring to the attention of your readers the plea of this pontiff for that continent which is likewise going through what may prove to be the most serious years of the Church and the new nations of Africa.

(REV.) RONAN HOFFMAN, O.F.M. CONV.

"Responsible Laymen"

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: May I comment on Msgr. John Tracy Ellis' letter on responsible laymen and James O'Gara's column, "An Editorial Dissent," [February 19] between which I see a relationship? Regardless of what other connotations may be read into Father Ellis' statements on obedience in the Church, I find his caution to us to avoid the rude approach to be a wise one. One of the remarkable features of the revival of the Church since World War II has been the high calibre of the criticism leveled and the deep and obvious loyalty that provoked it. For years little could be said in opposition to it. And what was said only redounded to the movement's benefit because the attack was so puerile, puny and by contrast so partisan and narrow.

A change seems to have occurred. I detect that it started with Archbishop Vagnozzi's speech at Marquette a couple of years ago. That speech represented the first major counterattack of those who, while silent, disapproved of the movement of renewal; or if that was not its intention, it appears to have been interpreted as such by many vigorous opponents. Since it questioned the very loyalty and *bona fides* it has been deeply resented in the Catholic intellectual community. It would be most foolish if this resentment should spread out into a distrust of the objectivity, integrity, good will and purposes of the clergy and of the organizational Church.

Yet I fear that the reaction to the NORC report by Father Greeley and his associates in many Catholic intellectual circles has come close to this. I find it hard to take the position that Father Greeley is a "hack" who would prostitute his professional ability merely to serve an organizational purpose. Yet much of the criticism of this report practically says this. Lost in this tangle, as Mr. O'Gara has tried to point out, is the positively devastating evidence of the very indifference on the part of vast numbers of parochial school graduates to the challenging problems of the modern world; and what may be even worse, evidence of fixed attitudes that are close to heretical even by Tridentine standards. To become overly preoccupied with the investigator's bias seems to be missing the larger area where we all agree.

That some would like to see an anti-clericalism develop among the Catholic intellectual community I have little doubt. The European anti-clericalism of which Father Ellis speaks was assisted also by the particularly unbearable, arrogant mentality of many of the continental clerics who only differed from their critics in that they were in the Church. Tactically no one could tell them apart. In this polarization many left the Church in disgust and those who stayed were caught in a cross-fire of such intensity that it is a lasting wonder that they were able to pursue any real intellectual work.

These articles and these words are open to the charge that this kind of advice really advocates the status quo and encourages passivity. But such a charge would miss the point. There is a status quo and it is not attractive when you see it in action; and there is passivity evident at all levels; but renewal has come out of it! To everybody's surprise, the Church has literally popped open with opportunity and life. To use Winston Weathers' image: Here is the greatest Lazarus figure of history walking out of the tomb of time.

The Church is a peculiar and paradoxical thing. It has always carried along within its structure and within its very spiritualities antithetic concepts. Aberrations have seemingly dictated its course more frequently than the spiritual counsels. It has a built-in paranoia. It seems to particularly single out and reward the chauvinist. Since it has literally come up from underground in the days of the late Empire, it has managed to consistently misunderstand and misinterpret every major movement in history as if the daylight had blinded it. It has fought and destroyed its friends and abetted its enemies; subjected many of its real heroes to abuse and humiliation and courted despots, profligates, opportunists and unprincipled men of evil. It has so consistently chosen the wrong side, for the wrong reason, that one wit has been led to suggest that the real full-time job of the Holy Spirit is to bail it out. Maybe the priest's suggestion to Dorothy Day that the Church is Christ's cross was correct.

If these thoughts have any validity do they not suggest as Plato did that we should seek the harmonies and try to turn inwardly the divergent streams of thought and action when they branch off rather than encourage polarity and dichotomy; that we should seek to reconcile the opposites by emphasizing those things in which we agree rather than those things about which we disagree. To do so requires tact, integrity and trust; but does it not also encourage these attributes in the other? Or are we not really crypto-idealists whose unannounced and undisclosed principle is that strife does make the world?

PAUL A. LOCKREY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Latest from Desclee

A DAY WITH JESUS

by a Monk of the Eastern Church translated by a Monk of the Western Church

The anonymous author of the world-wide success, *Jesus, A Dialogue With the Saviour,* uses here as a background for his meditations the common actions of everyday life (dressing, working, eating, sleeping, etc.). *$2.50*

THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE LAYMAN

by R. L. Oechslin, O.P.

Mindful of the new perspectives opened by the Second Vatican Council to the initiative of the laity, the author attempts to define the layman's role in the Church and to help him answer his proper call to take part in the work of consecrating the world to God. *$3.50*

BACKGROUND TO MORALITY

edited by John P. Lerhinan, C.SS.R.

A collection of religious and social essays published in honor of Father Francis J. Connell, C.SS.R., on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of his ordination. *$4.75*

DIVINE INTIMACY

by Father Gabriel of St. Mary Magdalen, O.C.D.

translated from the seventh Italian edition by the Discalced Carmelite Nuns of Boston, Mass.
Preface by Richard Cardinal Cushing

Considered by many the only meditation book in existence worthy of the name. The meditations, one for each day of the year, follow the liturgical cycle. They are suitable to various degrees of spirituality and are within the reach of every person of good will. 1227 pages on thin paper. *$8.75*

"Long desired, this excellent English translation is particularly welcome at the present moment."
America

"These daily meditations, colloquies and prayers are most unusual in their approach and superbly effective."
The Long Island Catholic

"A treasure for priests, religious and laymen."
The Record

THE BIBLE AND THE KORAN

by Jacques Jomier, O.P.

The author, who has been living among the Moslems for years, offers the readers a penetrating study of the Koran, comparing its main themes, ideas and narratives with those of the Bible. *$2.75*

CHRISTIAN RENEWAL IN A CHANGING WORLD

by Bernard Häring, C.SS.R.

translated from the German by Sister M. Lucidia Häring, M.S.C.

The world-famous theologian and council expert offers here a new approach to Moral Theology, fully cognizant of the changing needs of our modern, pluralistic society and the innate yearnings of the human heart. *$6.75*

PRAYING WITH THE BIBLE

by Jean de Fraine, S.J.

A verse-by-verse, word-by-word study and meditation on the Our Father, the Magnificat and the Eight Beatitudes which reveals the intrinsic unity of Old Testament revelation and New Testament fulfillment. *$3.75*

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE OR

DESCLEE CO., INC.

280 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10007

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED